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POLITICAL MISCELLANIES.

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PRICE THREE SHILLINGS AND SIX-PENCE.





POLITICAL MISCELLANIES.

PART THE FIRST.

BY THE AUTHORS OF THE

ROLLIAD AND PROBATIONARY ODES.

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—LONGŒVO DICTA PARENTI  
HAUD DUBITANDA REFER,

VIRGIL.

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L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXXVII.

POLITICAL MEDICINE

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

PHYSICIAN AND PROPHETARY CURE



PRINTED BY

WILLIAM CLARKE

LONDON

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ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

WILLIAM CLARKE

## TO THE PUBLIC.

THE very favourable reception given to the *ROLLIAD*, and *PROBATIONARY ODES*, has induced the Editor to conceive, that a collection of political *Jeux d'Esprits*, by the authors of those celebrated performances, would prove equally acceptable. Various publications upon a similar plan have already been attempted; but their good things have been so scantily interspersed, that they have appeared like *GRATIANO's* reasons, "*as two grains of WHEAT in a bushel of CHAFF.*" In the present Edition are contained not only a number of pieces which have at different times been given to the Public, but also a variety of Original Articles, which but for the flattering confidence of private friendship, would have still remained in the closets of their authors. MISCELLANIES, indeed, in any  
state,



state, from the variety which they afford, must ever be attractive; but, when added to this inherent advantage, they also possess the benefit of a proper selection, their attraction must of necessity become materially enhanced. The fame of the Authors of the following sheets is too well established in the mind of every person of taste and literature, to derive any aid from our feeble panegyric. It is only to be lamented that, from the peculiar circumstances under which these their poetical offspring make their appearance, the Parents' names cannot be announced to the world with all that parade which accompanies a more legal intercourse with the Muses. Perhaps, however, the vigour and native energy of the Parents, appear much more prominent in these ardent inspirations of nature, than in the cold, nerveless, unimpassioned efforts of a legitimate production. It may here be objected by some fastidious critics, that if writings, evidently so reputable to the fame of the authors,

thors,

thors, are of such a construction as to be unfit to be acknowledged, that they are equally unfit for publication: but let these gentlemen recollect, that it has ever been held perfectly justifiable to utter those sarcasms under a masque, which the strict rules of decorum would render inadmissible in any other situation. The shafts of ridicule have universally been found more efficacious in correcting folly and impertinence, than the most serious reproof; and while we pursue the example of POPE, SWIFT, ARBUTHNOT, ADDISON, and others of the wittiest, the wisest, and the best men of the age in which they lived, we shall little fear the cavils of ill-nature. If it should be urged that the subjects of these political productions are merely temporary, and will be forgotten with the hour which gave them birth; let it at the same time be recollected, that though the heroes of the DUNCIAD have sunk into their native obscurity, the reputation of the poem

I

which

which celebrated their worth, still retains its original splendour. And, in truth, as a matter of equity, if blockheads and dunces are worthy to be recorded in the Poet's page, why may not Privy Counsellors and Lords of the Bedchamber demand a similar exaltation?



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## POLITICAL MISCELLANIES.

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### PROBATIONARY ODE EXTRAORDINARY.

*By the Rev. W. MASON, M. A.*

THE following second attempt of Mr. MASON, at the ROYAL SACK, was not inserted in the celebrated collection of Odes formed by Sir JOHN HAWKINS.—What might be the motive of the learned Knight for this omission can at present only be known to himself—Whether he treasured it up for the next edition of his *Life of Dr. JOHNSON*, or whether he condemned it for its too close resemblance to a former elegant lyric effusion of the Rev. Author, must remain for time, or Mr. FRANCIS BARBER, to develop.—Having, however, been fortunate enough to procure a copy, we have printed both the Odes in opposite leaves, that in case the latter supposition should turn out to be well founded, the public may decide how far the worthy magistrate was justified in this exclusion,

O D E  
To the Honourable WILLIAM PITT.

By W. MASON, M. A.

Μή νύ ; οτι φθονοῖ  
Θνατῶν φρίνας ἀμφιγυρόμενται ἱλπίδες ;  
Μήτ' ἀρετάν ποτε σιγῶντι πατρώων,  
Μηδὲ τέσδ' ὕμνους.

PINDAR. Isthm. Ode 2.

I.

'TIS May's meridian reign ; yet Eurus cold  
Forbids each shrinking thorn its leaves unfold,  
Or hang with silver buds her rural throne :  
No primrose shower from her green lap she throws\*,  
No daisy, violet, or cowslip blows,  
And Flora weeps her fragrant offspring gone.  
Hoar frost arrests the genial dew ;  
To wake, to warble, and to woo  
No linnæa calls his drooping love :  
Shall then the poet strike the lyre,  
When mute are all the feather'd quire,  
And Nature fails to warm the syrens of the grove ?

\* This expression is taken from Milton's song on May Morning, to which this stanza in general alludes, and the 4th verse in the next.

[ 1 ]

O D E

To the Right Hon. WILLIAM PITT.

By W. MASON, M. A.

" Give not the Mitre now !  
" Least bale tongued ENVY squinting at my brow,  
" Cry, ' lo ! the price for CAVENDISH betray'd !'  
" But in good time nor that, oh ! PITT ! forget,  
" Nor my more early service yet unpaid,  
" My puffs on CHATHAM in his offspring's aid,  
" Not what this loyal Ode shall add to swell the debt."

MY OWN TRANSLATION.

I.  
'TIS now the TENTH of APRIL ; yet the wind  
In frigid fetters doth each blossom bind ;

No silver buds her rural throne emboss :

No violets *blue* from her *green* lap she throws ;

Oh ! lack a daisy ! not a daisy blows,

And (ere she has them) FLORA weeps their loss.

Hoar frost, with bailiff's grizly hue,

At Winter's suit, arrests the dew ;

No Cuckow wakes her drowsy mate :

His harp then shall a Parson strum,

When other Blackbirds all are dumb,

When neither Starlings, Daws, or Magpies prate ?

• Improved from Milton.



II.

He shall : for what the fallen Spring denies  
 The orient beam of virtuous youth supplies ;  
 That moral dawn be his inspiring flame.  
 Beyond the dancing radiance of the east  
 Thy glory, son of CHATHAM ! fires his breast,  
 And proud to celebrate thy vernal fame.  
 Hark, from this lyre the strain ascends,  
 Which but to Freedom's fav'rite friends  
 That lyre disdains to sound.  
 Hark and approve, as did thy fire \*  
 The lays which once with kindred fire  
 His muse in attic mood made MONA's oaks rebound.

III.

Long silent since, save when, in KEPPEL's name,  
 Detraction, murd'ring BRITAIN's naval fame,  
 Rous'd into sounds of scorn th' indignant string †.  
 But now, replenish'd with a richer theme,  
 The vase of harmony shall pour its stream,  
 Fan'd by free Fancy's rainbow-tinctur'd wing.  
 Thy country too shall hail the song,  
 Her echoing heart the notes prolong ;  
 While they alone with ‡ envy sigh,  
 Whose rancour to thy parent dead  
 Aim'd, ere his funeral rites were paid,  
 With vain vindictive rage to starve his progeny.

\* The poem of Caractacus was read in MS. by the late Earl of Chatham, who honoured it with an approbation which the author is here proud to record.

† See Ode to the Naval Officers of Great Britain, written 1779.

‡ See the motto from Pindar.

From

## II.

He shall: for what the sulky Spring denies,  
 An annual but of sugar'd SACK supplies;  
 That beverage sweet be his inspiring flame.  
 Cloath'd in the radiant influence of the East,  
 Thy glory, son of CHATHAM, fires his breast;  
 And swift to adulate thy vernal fame.  
 Hark! from his lyre a strain is heard,  
 In hopes, ere long, to be preferr'd,  
 To sit in state 'midst mitred peers.  
 Hark and approve! as did thy fire,  
 The lays which, nodding by the fire,  
 To gentle slumbers sooth'd his listening ears.

## III.

Long silent since, save when on 'tother side,  
 In KEFFEL's praise to little purpose tried,  
 I roused to well feign'd scorn the indignant string;  
 But now replete with a more hopeful theme,  
 The o'erflowing ink-bottle shall pour its stream,  
 Through quills by Dullness pluck'd from gosling's  
 downy wing.  
 St. JAMES's too shall hail the song,  
 Her echoing walls the notes prolong,  
 Whilst they alone with sorrow sigh,  
 Whose reverence for thy parent dead,  
 Now bids them hang their drooping head,  
 And weep, to mark the conduct of his progeny.

From

IV.

From earth and these the muse averts her view,  
 To meet in yonder sea of ether blue  
 A beam to which the blaze of noon is pale:  
 In purpling circles now the glory spreads,  
 A host of angels now unveil their heads,  
 While heav'n's own music triumphs on the gale.  
 Ah see, two white-rob'd seraphs lead  
 Thy father's venerable shade;  
 He bends from yonder cloud of gold,  
 While they, the ministers of light,  
 Bear from his breast a mantle bright,  
 And with the heav'n-wove robe thy youthful limbs enfold.

V.

“ Receive this mystic gift, my son !” he cries,  
 “ And, for so wills the Sov'reign of the skies,  
 “ With this receive, at ALBION's anxious hour,  
 “ A double portion of my patriot zeal,  
 “ Active to spread the fire it dar'd to feel  
 “ Thro' raptur'd senates, and with awful power  
 “ From the full fountain of the tongue  
 “ To call the rapid tide along  
 “ Till a whole nation caught the flame.  
 “ So on thy fire shall heav'n bestow,  
 “ A blessing TULLY fail'd to know,  
 “ And redolent in thee diffuse thy father's fame.

VI.

“ Nor thou, ingenuous boy ! that Fame despise  
 “ Which lives and spreads abroad in heav'n's pure eyes,  
 “ The



## IV.

From these the courtly muse averts her eye,  
To meet with genuine unaffected joy

A scene that passes in the Closet's gloom;  
In whitening circles the dim glory spreads,  
Bedchamber Lords unveil their powder'd heads,  
And Tory triumphs sound throughout the room:  
Ah! see two Jannisaries lead  
Illustrious BURE's thrice honour'd shade;  
Behind yon curtain did he stand,  
Whilst they (which Whigs with horror mark)  
Bear from his cloak a lantern dark,  
And trust the hallow'd engine to thy youthful hand.

## V.

" Receive this mystic gift, brave boy," he cries,  
" And if so please the Sovereign of the skies,  
" With this receive at GEORGE's anxious hour,  
" A double portion of my Tory zeal,  
" Active to spread the fire it dared to feel,  
" Through venal senates, and with boundless pow'r  
" From the full fountain of the tongue,  
" To roll a tide of words along,  
" Till a whole nation is deceived.  
" So shall thy early labours gain  
" A blessing BURE could ne'er attain;  
" In fact, a Courtier be, yet Patriot be believed,

## VI.

" Nor thou, presumptuous imp, that fame disown,  
" Which draws its splendor from a monarch's throne,

Sole

- " The last best energy of noble mind \* ;  
 " Revere thy father's shade ; like him disdain  
 " The tame, the timid, temporizing train,  
 " Awake to self, to social intarest blind :  
 " Young as thou art, occasion calls,  
 " Thy country's scale or mounts or falls  
 " As thou and thy compatriots strive ;  
 " Scarce is the fatal moment past  
 " That trembling ALBION deem'd her last,  
 " O knit the union firm, and bid an empire live.

## VII.

- " Proceed, and vindicate fair Freedom's claim,  
 " Give life, give strength, give substance to her name ;  
 " The native rights of man with Fraud contest,  
 " Yes, snatch them from Corruption's baleful power,  
 " Who dares, in Day's broad eye, those rights devour,  
 " While prelates bow, and bless the harpy feast.  
 " If foil'd at first, resume thy course,  
 " Rise strengthen'd with ANTÆAN force,  
 " So shall thy toil in conquest end,  
 " Let others court the tinsel things  
 " That hang upon the smile of kings,  
 " Be thine the muse's wreath ; be thou *the people's friend*."

\* In allusion to a fine and well-known passage in MILTON's Lycidas,

" Sole energy of many a lordly mind,  
 " Revere the shade of BUTE, subservient still  
 " To the high dictates of the Royal will;  
 " Awake to self, to social interest blind.  
 " Young as thou art, occasion calls,  
 " Prerogative or mounts or falls,  
 " As thou and thy compatriots strive,  
 " Scarce is the fatal moment past,  
 " Which Secret Influence deem'd her last,  
 " Oh! save the expiring fiend, and bid her empire live!

## VII.

" Proceed!—Uphold Prerogative's high claim,  
 " Give life, give strength, give substance to her name!  
 " The rights divine of Kings with Whigs contest;  
 " Save them from Freedom's bold incroaching hand,  
 " Who dares, in Day's broad eye, those rights withstand,  
 " And be by Bishops thy endeavours bless'd!"  
 If foil'd at first, resume thy course,  
 Whilst I, though writing worse and worse,  
 Thy glorious efforts will record;  
 Let others seek by other ways,  
 The public's unavailing praise,  
 Be mine the BUTT OF SACK—be thou the TREASURY'S  
 LORD!

§ Messrs. JENKINSON, ROBINSON, DUNDAS, &c. &c.



# THE STATESMEN:

## AN ECLOGUE.

LANSDOWNE.

WHILE on the Treasury-Bench you, PITT, recline,  
And make men wonder at each vast design ;  
I, hapless man, my harsher fate deplore,  
Ordain'd to view the regal face no more ;  
That face which erst on me with rapture glow'd, 5  
And smiles responsive to my smiles bestow'd :  
But now the Court I leave, my native home,  
" A banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to roam ;"  
While you to senates, BRUNSWICK's mandates give,  
And teach white-wands to chaunt his high prerogative. 10

PITT.

Oh! LANSDOWNE, 'twas a more than mortal pow'r  
My fate controul'd, in that auspicious hour,

THE STATESMEN.] It will be unnecessary to inform the classical reader, that this Eclogue evidently commences as an imitation of the 1st. of Virgil—the Author, however, with a boldness perfectly characteristic of the personages he was to represent, has in the progress of his work carefully avoided every thing like a too close adherence to his original design.

Line 10.—*A banish'd man &c.*] Vide the noble Marquis's celebrated speech, on the no less celebrated IRISH PROPOSITIONS.

When TEMPLE deign'd the dread decree to bring,  
 And stammer'd out the *Firmaun* of the King :  
 That power I'll worship as my household god, 15  
 Shrink at his frown, and bow beneath his nod ;  
 At every feast his presence I'll invoke,  
 For him my kitchen fires shall ever smoke ;  
 Not mighty HASTINGS, whose illustrious breath  
 Can bid a RAJAH live, or give him death, 20  
 Though back'd by SCOTT, by BARWELL, PALK, and all  
 The fable Squadron scowling from BENGAL ;  
 Not the bold Chieftain of the tribe of PHIPPS,  
 Whose head is scarce less handsome than his ship's ;  
 Not bare-breech'd GRAHAM, nor bare-witted ROSE, 25  
 Nor the GREAT LAWYER with the LITTLE NOSE ;  
 Not even VILLIERS self shall welcome be,  
 To dine so oft, or dine so well as he.

#### LANSDOWNE.

Think not these sighs denote one thought unkind,  
 Wonder, not Envy, occupies my mind ; 30

Line 14.—*And stammer'd out the FIRMAUN, &c.*] When a language happens to be deficient in a word to express a particular idea, it has been ever customary to borrow one from some good-natured neighbour, who may happen to be more liberally furnished. Our Author, unfortunately, could find no nation nearer than TURKEY, that was able to supply him with an expression perfectly apposite to the sentiment intended to be here conveyed.

Line 25.—*Not bare-breech'd GRAHAM.*] His Lordship some time since brought in a bill to relieve his countrymen from those habiliments which in ENGLAND are deemed a necessary appendage to decorum, but among our more northern brethren are considered as a degrading shackle upon natural liberty. Perhaps, as the noble Lord was then on the point of marriage, he might intend this offering of his *opima spolia*, as an elegant compliment to HYMEN.

For well I wot on that unhappy day,  
 When BRITAIN mourn'd an empire giv'n away ;  
 When rude impeachments menaced from afar,  
 And what gave peace to FRANCE—to us was war ;  
 For awful vengeance Heav'n appear'd to call, 35  
 And agonizing Nature mark'd our fall.  
 Dire change! DUNDAS's cheek with blushes glow'd,  
 GRENVILLE was dumb, MAHON no frenzy show'd ;  
 Though DRAKE harrangu'd, no slumber GILBERT fear'd,  
 And MULGRAVE's mouth like other mouths appear'd ; 40  
 In vain had BELLAMY prepared the meat ;  
 In vain the portèr ; BAMBER could not eat ;  
 When BURKE arose no yell the curs began,  
 And ROLLE, for once, half seem'd a gentleman :  
 Then name this god, for to St. JAMES's Court, 45  
 Nor gods nor angels often make resort.

## PITT.

In early youth misled by Honour's rules,  
 That fancied Deity of dreaming fools ;  
 I simply thought, forgive the rash mistake,  
 That Kings should govern for their People's sake : 50  
 But Reverend JENKY soon these thoughts suppress,  
 And drove the glittering phantom from my breast ;

JENKY!

Line 51.—*But Reverend JENKY.*] Our author here, in some measure deviating from his usual perspicuity, has left us in doubt whether the term *Reverend*, is applied to the years or to the profession of the gentleman intended to be complimented. His long experience in the secrets of the CRITICAL REVIEW, and BUCKINGHAM HOUSE, would well justify the former supposition ; yet his early admission into DEACON'S ORDERS, will equally support the latter : our readers therefore must decide, while we can only sincerely exult in his Majesty's enjoyment



JENKY! that sage, whom mighty GEORGE declares,  
 Next SCHWELLENBURGEN, great on the back stairs:  
 'Twas JENKINSON—ye Deacons catch the sound! 55  
 Ye Treasury scribes the sacred name rebound!  
 Ye pages sing it—echo it ye Peers!  
 And ye who best repeat, Right Reverend Seers!  
 Whose pious tongues no wavering fancies sway,  
 But like the needle ever point one way. 60

### LANSDOWNE.

Thrice happy youth! secure from every change,  
 Thy beasts unnumber'd, 'mid the Commons range;  
 Whilst thou, by Jove's ætherial spirit fired,  
 Or by sweet BRUNSWICK's sweeter breath inspired,  
 Another ORPHEUS every bosom chear, 65  
 And sticks, and stocks, and stones roar *bear! bear! bear!*  
 Raised by thy pipe the savage tribes advance,  
 And Bulls and Bears in mystic mazes dance:  
 For me no cattle now my steps attend,  
 Ev'n PRICE and PRIESTLY, wearied, scorn their friend; 70  
 And these twin sharers of my festive board,  
 Hope of my flock now seek some richer Lord.

ment of a man whose whole pious life has been spent in sustaining that beautiful and pathetic injunction of scripture, "SERVE GOD, AND HONOUR THE KING."

Line 70.—*And Bulls and Bears in mystic mazes dance.*] The beautiful allusion here made to that glorious state of doubt and obscurity in which our youthful Minister's measures have been invariably involved, with its consequent operation on the stockholders, is here most fortunately introduced.—What a striking contrast does Mr. PITT's conduct, in this particular, form to that of the Duke of PORTLAND, Mr. FOX, and your other *plain matter of fact men*?

Sooner

## PITT.

Sooner shall EFFINGHAM clean linen wear,  
 Of MORNINGTON without his star appear;  
 Sooner each prisoner BULLER's law escape;  
 Sooner shall QUEENSBURY commit a rape;  
 Sooner shall POWNEY, HOWARD's noddle reach;  
 Sooner shall THURLOW hear his brother preach;  
 Sooner with VESTRIS, BOOTLE shall contend;  
 Sooner shall EDEN not betray his friend;  
 Sooner DUNDAS an Indian bribe decline;  
 Sooner shall I my chastity resign;  
 Sooner shall ROSE than PRETTYMAN lie faster,  
 Than PITT forget that JENKINSON's his master.

## LANSDOWNE.

Yet oft in times of yore I've seen thee stand  
 Like a tall May-pole 'mid the patriot band;  
 While with reforms you tried each baneful art,  
 To wring fresh sorrows from your Sovereign's heart;  
 That heart, where every virtuous thought is known,  
 But modestly looks up and keeps them all his own.

## PITT.

'Twas then that PITT, for youth such warmth allows,  
 To wanton Freedom paid his amorous vows;

Line 83.—*Sooner shall ROSE than PRETTYMAN lie faster.*] This beautiful compliment to the happy art of embellishment, so wonderfully possessed by this *par nobile fratrum*, merits our warmest applause; and the skill of our author no where appears more conspicuous than in this line, where, in refusing to give to either the pre-eminence, he bestows the *ne plus ultra* of excellence on both.

Lull'd

Lull'd by her smiles, each offer I withstood,  
 And thought the greatest bliss my country's good.  
 'Twas pride, not passion, madden'd in my brain, 95  
 I wish'd to rival Fox, but wish'd in vain;  
 Fox, the dear object of bright Freedom's care,  
 Fox still the favourite of the BRITISH fair;  
 But while with wanton arts the syren strove  
 To fix my heart, and wile me to her love; 100  
 Too soon I found my hasty choice to blame,  
 —Freedom and Poverty are still the same—  
 While piles of massy gold his coffers fill,  
 Who votes subservient to his Sovereign's will, 105

#### LANSDOWNE,

Enough, break off—on RICHMOND I must wait; 105  
 And DEBBIE too will think I stay too late;  
 Yet ere I go some friendly aid I'd prove,  
 The last sad tribute of a master's love.  
 In that famed College where true wisdom's found,  
 For MACHIAVELIAN policy renown'd, 110  
 The pious pastors first fill'd LANSDOWNE's mind,  
 With all the lore for Ministers design'd;  
 Then mark my words, and soon those Seers shall see  
 Their famed IGNATIUS far outdone in thee:—  
 In every action of your life be shown, 115  
 You think the world was made for you alone;  
 With cautious eye each character survey,  
 Woo to deceive, and promise to betray;  
 Let no rash passion Caution's bounds destroy,  
 And ah! no more appear "THE ANGRY BOY!" 120

Yet



PITT.

Yer stay—Behold the Heav'ns begin to lour,  
 And HOLLAND threatens with a thunder show'r;  
 With me partake the feast, on this green box,  
 Full fraught with many a feast for facious Fox;  
 Each sapient hint that pious PERRY gleans,  
 And the huge bulk of ROSS's Ways and Means;  
 See too the smoky citizens approach,  
 Piled with petitions view their Lord Mayor's coach;  
 Ev'n now their lengthen'd shadows reach this floor,  
 Oh! that d—n'd SNOT TAX—AUBREY shut the door! 130

R O N D E A U.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

To the RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EDEN, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY and MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY of Commercial Affairs at the Court of VERSAILLES.

OF EDEN lost, in ancient days,  
If we believe what MOSES says,  
A paltry pippin was the price,  
One crab was bribe enough to entice  
Frail human kind from Virtue's ways.

But now, when PITT, the all-perfect, sways,  
No such vain lures the tempter lays,  
Too poor to be the purchase twice,  
OF EDEN lost.

The Dev'l grown wiser, to the gaze  
Six thousand pounds a year displays,  
And finds success from the device;  
Finds this fair fruit too well suffice  
To pay the peace, and honest praise,  
Of EDEN lost.

D

ANOTHER.

A N O T H E R.

" A mere affair of trade to embrace,  
 " Wines, brandies, gloves, fans, cambricks, lace;  
 " For this on me my Sovereign laid  
 " His high commands, and I obeyed;  
 " Nor think, my lord, this conduct base.  
 " Party were-guilt in such a case,  
 " When thus my country, for a space,  
 " Calls my poor skill to DORSET's aid  
 " A mere affair of trade!"

Thus EDEN, with unblushing face,  
 To NORTH would palliate his disgrace;  
 When NORTH, with smiles, this answer made:  
 " You might have spared what you have said;  
 " I thought the business of your place  
 " A mere affair of trade!"

A N O T H E R.

Around the tree, so fair, so green,  
 Erewhile, when summer shone serene,  
 Lo! where the leaves in many a ring,  
 Before the wint'ry tempest wing,  
 Fly scattered o'er the dreary scene:

Such, NORTH, thy friends. Now cold and keen  
 Thy Winter blows; no shelt'ring skreen  
 Thy stretch, no graceful shade they fling  
 Around the tree.

Yet



Yet grant just Fate, each wretch so mean,  
 Like EDEN, pining in his spleen  
 For posts, for stars, for strings, may swing  
 On two stout posts in hempen string!  
 Few eyes would drop a tear, I ween,  
 Around the tree.

A N O T H E R.

"The JORDAN have you been to see?"  
 Cried FOX, when late with shuffling plea,  
 Poor EDEN stammer'd at excuse.  
 But why the JORDAN introduce?  
 What JORDAN too will here agree?

That JORDAN which from spot could free  
 One man unclean here vain would be:  
 If yet those powers of wond'rous use  
 The JORDAN have!

One fitter JORDAN of the three  
 Would I for EDEN's meed decree;  
 With me then open every sluice,  
 And foaming high with streams profuse,  
 For EDEN's head may all with me  
 The JORDAN have!

A N O T H E R.

For EDEN's place, where circling round  
 EUPHRATES wash'd the hallowed mound,  
 The learned long in vain have sought;  
 'Twas GREECE, 'twas POLAND, some have taught;

Some hold it in the deluge drown'd :

PITT thinks his search at PARIS crown'd ;

See the Gazette his proofs expound !

Yet who of looking there had thought

For EDEN's place !

No ;—view yon frame with dirt embrown'd,

Some six feet raised above the ground,

Where rogues, exalted as they ought,

To peep through three round holes are brought,

There will the genuine spot be found

For EDEN's place.

# E P I G R A M S

On the IMMACULATE BOY.

That Master PITT seems  
To be fond of extremes,  
No longer is thought any riddle;  
For sure we may say,  
'Tis as plain as the day,  
That he always kept clear of the middle.

## A N O T H E R.

'Tis true, indeed, we oft abuse him,  
Because he bends to no man;  
But Slander's self dares not accuse him  
Of stiffness to a woman.

## A N O T H E R.

"No! no! for my virginity,  
"When I lose that," quoth PITT, "I'll die;  
Cries WILBERFORCE, "If not till then,  
"By G—d you must outlive all men."

\* "No! no! for my virginity,  
"When I lose that, quoth ROSE, "I'll die;"  
"Behind the elms last night, quoth DICK,  
"Rose were you not extremely sick?"

Parson.

ANOTHER.



A N O T H E R †.

ON *fair and equal* terms to place  
An union is thy care;  
But trust me, Powis, in this case  
The *equal* should not please his Grace,  
And PITT dislikes the *fair*.

A N O T H E R.

The virulent fair,  
Protest and declare,  
This Ministry's not to their hearts;  
For say what they will,  
To them Master BILL  
Has never discover'd his parts.

A N O T H E R.

— *Ex nihilo nil fit.*

When PITT exclaim'd, " By measures I'll be tried,"  
That false appeal all woman-kind denied.

A N O T H E R.

INCAUTIOUS Fox will oft repose  
In fair-one's bosom thoughts of worth;  
But PITT his secrets keeps so close,  
No female arts can draw them forth.

† A coalition between the DUKE OF PORTLAND and Mr. PITT, was attempted to be formed by Mr. Powis, and the other Country Gentlemen.—This endeavour, however, was defeated in consequence of Mr. PITT's construction of the terms *fair and equal*.

ANOTHER.

A N O T H E R.

HAD PITT to his advice inclined,  
SIR CECIL had undone us;  
But he, a friend to womankind,  
Would nothing lay upon us.

ANCILLA.

A N O T H E R.

*On Mr. PITT's Prudence.*

THOUGH PITT have to women told some things, no  
doubt;  
Yet his private affairs they have never found out.

A N O T H E R.

WHO dares assert that virtuous PITT  
Partakes in female pleasures;  
For know there ne'er was woman yet  
Could e'er endure half measures.

A N O T H E R.

*Puer loquitur.*

THOUGH big with mathematic pride,  
By me this axiom is denied;  
I can't conceive, upon my soul,  
My parts are equal to the whole.

THE

## T H E

## D E L A V A L I A D.

WHY, says an indignant poet, should Mr. ROLLE alone, of all the geniuses that distinguish the present period, be thought the only person of worth or talents enough to give birth and name to an immortal effusion of divine poesy? He questions not that great man's pretensions; far from it; he reveres his ancestors, adores his talents, and feels something hardly short of idolatry towards his manners and accomplishments.—But still, why such profusion of distinction towards one, to the exclusion of many other high characters? Our Poet professes to feel this injustice extremely, and has made the following attempt to rescue one deserving man from so unmerited an obloquy. The reader will perceive the measure to be an imitation of that which has been so deservedly admired in our immortal bard, in his play of “*As You Like It*.”

From



From the East to the Western Inds  
 No Jewel is like Rosalind;  
 Her worth being mounted on the wind,  
 Thro' all the world bears Rosalind, &c. &c.

This kind of verse is adopted by the poet to avoid any appearance of too servile an imitation of the ROBLIAD. He begins,

YE patriots all, both great and small,  
 Resign the palm to DELAVAL;  
 The virtues would'st thou practise all,  
 So in a month did DELAVAL.  
 A patriot first both stout and tall,  
 Firm for the day was DELAVAL.  
 The friend to court, where frowns appal,  
 The next became good DELAVAL.  
 Wilt thou against oppression bawl?  
 Just so did valiant DELAVAL.  
 Yet in a month, thyself enthal,  
 So did the yielding DELAVAL.  
 Yet give to both, a dangerous fall,  
 So did reflecting DELAVAL.  
 If resignation's good in all,  
 Why so it is in DELAVAL.  
 For if you p— against a wall,  
 Just so you may 'gainst DELAVAL.  
 And if with foot you kick a ball,  
 E'en so you may—a DELAVAL.  
 'Gainst influence would'st thou vent thy gall,  
 Thus did the patriot DELAVAL:

Yet servile stoop to Royal call,  
 So did the loyal DELAVAL.  
 What friend to Freedom's fair-built Hall,  
 Was louder heard than DELAVAL?  
 Yet who the *Commons* rights to maul,  
 More stout was found than DELAVAL?  
 —'Gainst Lords and Lordlings would'st thou brawl,  
 Just so did he—SIR DELAVAL:  
 Yet on thy knees, to honours crawl,  
 Oh! so did he—LORD DELAVAL.  
 An evil sprite possessed SAUL,  
 And so it once did DELAVAL.  
 Music did soon the sense recal,  
 Of ISRAEL's King, and DELAVAL.  
 SAUL rose at DAVID's vile cat-call,  
 —Not so the wiser DELAVAL:  
 'Twas money's sweetest *sol, la fal,*  
 That chear'd the sense of DELAVAL—  
 When royal power shall infail,  
 With honours new LORD DELAVAL;  
 Who won't say—the *mirac'lous* hawl,  
 Is caught by faithful DELAVAL?  
 'Gainst rapine would'st thou preach like PAUL,  
 Thus did religious DELAVAL:  
 Yet screen the scourges of BENGAL,  
 Thus did benignant DELAVAL.  
 To future times recorded shall,  
 Be all the worths of DELAVAL:  
 E'en OSSIAN, or the great FINGAL,  
 Shall yield the wreath to DELAVAL.  
 From Prince's court to cobbler's stall,  
 Shall sound the name of DELAVAL:

For neither sceptre nor the awl,  
 Are strong and keen as DELAVAL.—  
 Some better praise, than this poor scrawl,  
 Shall sing the fame of DELAVAL:  
 For sure no song can ever pall,  
 That celebrates great DELAVAL:  
 Borne on all fours, the fame shall sprawl,  
 To latest time—of DELAVAL:  
 Then come ye Nine, in one great squall,  
 Proclaim the worths of DELAVAL.

*[The annotations of the learned are expected.]*



# THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT GEORGE\* BUILT.

This is the House that  
George built.



This is the Malt that lay in the House that George built.

LORD NUGENT.—This is the RAT, that eat  
the Malt, that lay in the House that George  
built.

MR. FOX.—This is the CAT, that killed the  
Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House  
that George built.

PEPPER ARDEN.—This is the DOG, that  
barked at the Cat, that killed the Rat, that  
eat the Malt, that lay in the House that George  
built.

LORD THURLOW.—This is the BULL with  
the crumpled horn, that roared with the Dog,

\* George Nugent Grenville, Marquis of Bucking-  
ham.

that

that barked at the Cat, that killed the Rat,  
that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that  
George built.

Mr. PITT.—This is the MAIDEN † all for-  
lorn, that coaxed the Bull with the crumpled  
horn, that roared with the Dog, that barked  
at the Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the  
Malt, that lay in the House that George  
built.

Mr. DUNDAS.—This is the SCOT by all for-  
sworn, that wedded \* the Maiden all forlorn,  
that coaxed the Bull with the crumpled horn,  
that roared with the Dog, that barked at the  
Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt,  
that lay in the House that George built.

Mr. WILKES.—This is the PATRIOT co-  
vered with scorn, that flattered the Scot by all  
forsworn, that wedded the Maiden all forlorn,  
that coaxed the Bull with the crumpled horn,  
that roared with the Dog, that barked at the

† The immaculate continence of the BRITISH SCIPIO,  
so strongly insisted on by his friends, as constituting one  
of the most shining ingredients of his own uncommon cha-  
racter, is only alluded to here as a received fact, and not  
by any means as a reproach.

\* *Wedded.* This Gentleman's own term for a Co-  
alition.

Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt,  
that lay in the House that George built.

CONSCIENCE.—This is the Cock that crowed  
in the morn, that waked the Patriot covered  
with scorn, that flattered the Scot by all for-  
sworn, that wedded the Maiden all forlorn,  
that coaxed the Bull with the crumpled horn,  
that roared with the Dog, that barked at the  
Cat, that killed the Rat, that eat the Malt,  
that lay in the House that George built.



E P I G R A M S

By SIR CECIL WRAY,

First published in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the signatures of DAMON, PHILOMELA, NOLENS VOLENS, and CRITANDER.

To CELIA, (*now Lady WRAY*) on Powdering her Hair.

EX TEMPORE.

THY locks, I trow, fair maid,

Don't never want this aid:

Wherefore thy powder spare,

And only comb thy hair.

To Sir JOSEPH MAWBEX, proposing a Party to go a  
Fishing for White Bait.

WORTHY Sir JOE, we all are wishing,

You'd come with us a White Bait fishing.

On seeing a Lady Bird fly off CELIA's Neck, after having  
perched on it for many minutes.

—I THOUGHT (God blefs my soul!)

Yon Lady Bird her mole—

I thought—but devil take the thing,

It proved my error—took to wing—

*A Thought*

*A Thought on NEW MILK.*

Oh! how charming is New Milk!  
Sweet as sugar—soft as silk!

*Familiar Verses, addressed to two Young Gentlemen at the  
Hounslow Academy.*

Take notice, roguelings, I prohibit  
Your walking underneath yon gibbet:  
Have you not heard, my little ones,  
Of *Raw Head and Bloody Bones*?  
How do you know, but that there fellow,  
May step down quick, and you-up swallow?

E X T E M P O R E

*To DELIA, on seeing Two CATS playing together.*

SEE, DELY, DELY, charming fair,  
How Pusseys play upon that chair;  
Then DELY change thy name to WRAY,  
And thou and I will likewise play.

*On a BLADE-BONE.*

SAYS I, one day, unto my wife,  
I never saw in all my life  
Such a blade-bone. Why so, my dear?  
Says she. The matter's very clear,  
Says I; for on it there's no meat,  
For any body for to eat.  
Indeed, my dear, says she, 'tis true,  
But wonder not, for, you know, you  
Can't eat your cake and have it too.

}  
An

**An IDEA on a PECK of COALS.**

**I BUY** my coals by pecks, that we  
May have them fresh and fresh, d'ye see.

*To my very learned and facetious friend, S. ESTWICK,  
Esq. M. P. and LL. D. on his saying to me, "What  
" the D—I noise was that?"*

**GOOD** Dr. ESTWICK, you do seek  
To know what makes my shoe-soles creak?  
They make a noise when they are dry;  
And so do you, and so do I.

C. W.

F

LORD



LORD GRAHAM'S DIARY,  
DURING THE FIRST WEEK OF THE NEW  
PARLIAMENT.

*May 20.* WENT down to the House—sworn in—odd faces—asked PEARSON who the new people were—he seemed cross at my asking him, and did not know—I took occasion to inspect the water-closets.

N. B. To tell ROSE, that I found three cocks out of repair—didn't know what to do—left my name at the DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY'S—dined at WHITE'S—the pease tough—LORD APSLEY thought they ought to be boiled in steam—VILLIERS very warm in favour of *hot water*—PITT for the new mode—and much talk of *taking the sense* of the club—but happily I prevented matters going to extremity.

*May 21.* Bought a tooth-pick-case, and attended at the Treasury-Board—nothing at the House but swearing—rode to WILBERFORCE'S at WIMBLEDON—PITT, THURLOW, and DUNDAS, *water-sucky—*

we

we all wondered why perch have such large mouths, and WILBERFORCE said they were like MULGRAVE's—red champagne rather ropy—away at eight—THURLOW's horse started at a wind-mill—he off.

N. B. To bring in an Act to encourage water-mills—THURLOW home in a *dilly*—we after his horse—children crying, *For ever!*—DUNDAS stretching to whip them—he off too.

May 22. Sick all day—lay a bed—VILLIERS bored me.

23. HYDE-PARK—PITT—HAMILTON, &c.

—Most of us agreed it was right to *bow* to Lord DELAVAL—PITT won't to any one, except the *new Peers*—dined at PITT's—PITT's soup never salt enough—Why must PRETTYMAN dine with us?—PITT says to-day he will *not* support Sir CECIL WRAY—THURLOW wanted to give the *old toast*—PITT grave—probably this is the reason for letting PRETTYMAN stay.

24. House—Westminster Election—we settled to always make a noise when BURKE

gets up—we ballotted among ourselves for a *sleeping Committee* in the Gallery—STEELE always to call us when PITT speaks—Lord DELAVAL our *dear friend*! —*Private* message from ST. JAMES's to PITT—He at last agrees to support Sir CECIL.

May 25. BANKES won't vote with us against GRENVILLE's Bill—English obstinacy—the Duke of RICHMOND teases us—nonsense about consistency—what right has *he* to talk of *it*?—but must not say so.—DUNDAS thinks worse of the Westminster business than—but too hearty to indulge absurd scruples.

26. Court—King in high spirits, and attentive rather to the Duke of GRAFTON—QUEEN more so to Lord CAMDEN—puzzles us all—So it is possible the Duke of RICHMOND will consent to leave the *Cabinet*?—Dinner at DUNDAS's—too many things awkwardly served—Joke about ROSE's thick legs, like ROBINSON's, in flannel.



## E X T R A C T S .

FROM THE SECOND VOLUME OF LORD MULGRAVE;

ESSAYS ON ELOQUENCE, LATELY PUBLISHED.

“ WE now come to speak of *Tropes*. Trope comes from the Greek word *Trepo*, to turn. I believe that tropes can only exist in a vocal language, for I do not recollect to have met with any among the savages near the Pole, who converse only by signs; or if they used any, I did not understand them. Aristotle is of opinion that horses have not the use of tropes.—Dean Swift seems to be of a contrary opinion; but be this as it may, tropes are of very great importance in Parliament, and I cannot enough recommend them to my young readers.

“ *Tropes* are of two kinds: 1st, such as tend to illustrate our meaning; and 2dly, such as tend to render it obscure. The first are of great use in the *sermo pedestris*; the second in the sublime. They give the *os magna sonans*; or, as the same poet says in another place, the *ore rotundo*; an expression, which shows, by the  
bye,

bye, that it is as necessary to round your mouth, as to round your periods.—But of this more hereafter, when I come to treat of *moulbing*, or, as the Latins call it, *elocutio*.

“ In the course of my reflexions on tropes, I have frequently lamented the want of these embellishments in our modern *log-books*. Strabo says they were frequently employed by the ancient sailors; nor can we wonder at this difference, since our young seamen are such bad scholars: not so in other countries; for I have seen children at the island of *Zanti*, who knew more of Greek than any First Lieutenant. Now to return to Tropes, and of their use in Parliament. I will give you some examples of the most perfect kind in each species, and then quit the subject; only observing, that the worst kind of tropes are *puns*; and that tropes, when used in controversy, ought to be very obscure; for many people do not know how to answer what they do not understand.

“ Suppose I was desirous of pressing forward any measure, and that I apprehended that the opposite party wished to delay it, I should personify procrastination by one of the following manners:

1. “ *This*

1. "*This measure appears to be filtered through the drip-stone of procrastination.*" This beautiful phrase was invented by a near relation of mine, whose talents bid fair to make a most distinguished figure in the senate.

2. "*This is another dish cooked up by the procrastinating spirit.*" The boldness of this figure, which was invented by Mr. Drake, cannot be too much admired.

3. "*This appears to be the last hair in the tail of procrastination.*"

"The Master of the Rolls, who first used this phrase, is a most eloquent speaker; but I think the two former instances much more beautiful, inasmuch as the latter personification is drawn from a dumb creature, which is not so fine a source of metaphor as a Christian.

"Having thus exhausted the subject of metaphors, I shall say a few words concerning *smiles*, the second of tropical figures, in point of importance."



## ANECDOTES OF MR. PITT.

AS nothing which relates to this great man can be indifferent to the public, we are happy in laying before our readers the following particulars, the truth of which may be depended on :—

MR. PITT rises about *Nine*, when the weather is clear; but if it should rain, Dr. PRETTYMAN advises him to lay about an hour longer. The first thing he *does* is to eat *no* breakfast, that he may have a better appetite for his dinner. About *ten* he generally blows his nose and cuts his toe-nails; and while he takes the exercise of his *bidet*, Dr. PRETTYMAN reads to him the different petitions and memorials that have been presented to him. About *eleven* his valet brings in Mr. ATKINSON and a WARM SHIRT, and they talk over the *New Scrip*, and other matters of finance. Mr. ATKINSON has said to *his* confidential friends round 'Change, that Mr. PITT always speaks to him with great affability. At *twelve* Mr. PITT retires to a water-closet, adjoining to which

which is a small cabinet, from whence Mr. JENKINSON confers with him on the secret instructions from BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE. After this, Mr. PITT takes a long lesson of dancing; and Mr. GALLINI says, that if he did not turn in his toes, and hold down his head, he would be a very good dancer. At *two* Mr. WILBERFORCE comes in, and they both play with Mr. PITT's black dog, whom they are very fond of, because he is like Lord MULGRAVE in the face, and barks out of time to the organs that pass in the street. After this Mr. PITT rides. We are credibly informed, that he often pats his horse; and, indeed, he is remarkably fond of all *dumb creatures* both in and out of Parliament. At *four* he sleeps. —Mr. PITT eats very heartily, drinks one bottle of port, and two when he *speaks*; so that we may hope that Great Britain will long be blessed with the superintendence of this virtuous and able young Minister!!!

LETTER

L E T T E R  
FROM A NEW MEMBER TO HIS  
FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

MY DEAR SIR,

AS you are so anxious and inquisitive to know the principal circumstances that have occurred to my observation, since my introduction to the House of Commons, I think it my duty to give you what satisfaction I am able. As you know, my dear friend, how little I dreamt of being called out of my humble sphere of life, to the rank of a senator, (and still less at a time when so many considerable gentlemen of education, worth, and property had been driven from their seats in Parliament) you will not wonder that it required some time before I could rid myself of the awe and embarrassment that I felt on first entering the walls of that august assembly. Figure to yourself, my good Sir, how very aukward and distressing it was to me to reflect, that I was now become a member of the British



rish Senate ; picked and culled out, as our inimitable Premier assured us, by the free, unbiassed voice of the people, for our singular abilities and love of our country, to represent the wisdom of the nation at the present critical juncture. Would to God I possessed a pen that might enable me to celebrate, in a style equal to his merits, the praises of this prodigy of a Minister, whom I can never speak or think of without enthusiasm ! Oh ! had you but heard his speech on the day of our meeting, when he addressed himself to the young members in a strain of eloquence that could not fail to make a lasting impression on our minds. Not one of us, I assure you, who did not feel the warmest emotions of respect and gratitude, and begin to entertain a confidence in his own talents for business, and a consciousness of his zeal for the public service, that would probably have never entered into the head of a simple individual, if this excellent young man had not condescended to point out to us those qualities in such strong and flattering colours.

Such extraordinary marks of condescension surprized me not a little, from a person whom I had been used to hear so generally (but no

doubt most falsely) censured, for upstart pretension and overbearing arrogance; and I could not sufficiently admire the candour he shewed, in giving such perfect credit to the talents and virtues of so many strangers, the greatest part of whose faces were even unknown to him. Besides, the compliment appeared to me the more generous, as I had but that very morning received a promise from Government to refund me the heavy charges and trouble they had led me into at my late election, which you very well know, notwithstanding the help of Mr. ROBINSON, had very near ruined my affairs, and proved the destruction of myself and family.

As you desire to have my impartial sentiments respecting the eloquence of Mr. PITT and Mr. Fox, I must fairly own, that I cannot hear, without indignation, any comparison made between 'em;—and, I assure you, Mr. PITT has a very decided preference in the opinion of most of the new members, especially among us COUNTRY GENTLEMEN, who, though we never heard any thing like public speaking before in our lives, have too much sense and spirit to agree in this particular with the generality of the public.—We could all see

see Mr. PITT was an orator in a moment. The dignity of his deportment, when he first rises from the Treasury Bench, with his head and eyes erect, and arms extended, the regular poize of the same action throughout the whole of his speech, the equal pitch of his voice, which is full as sonorous and emphatic in expressions of the least weight; above all, his words, which are his principal excellence, and are really finer and longer than can be conceived, and clearly prove him, in my judgment, to be far superior to every other orator. Mr. Fox, it seems, in perfect despair of imitating the expression and manner of his rival, never attempts to soar above a language that is perfectly plain, obvious, and intelligible, to the meanest understanding; whereas, I give you my word, I have more than once met with several who have frankly owned to me, that Mr. PITT's eloquence was often above their capacity to comprehend. In addition to this, it is observable, that Mr. PITT has the happy art of expressing himself, even upon the most trifling occasion, in at least three times as many words as any other person uses in an argument of the utmost importance,



portance, which is so evident an advantage over all his adversaries, that I wonder they persist to engage in so unequal a combat.

I shall take an early opportunity of communicating to you some further observations on this subject: in the mean time believe me,

Dear Sir,

With the truest regard,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

Cocoa Tree, May 29, 1784.

**POLITICAL RECEIPT BOOK,**

FOR THE YEAR 1784.

**HOW TO MAKE A PREMIER.**

**TAKE** a man with a great quantity of that sort of words which produce the greatest effect upon the *many*, and the least upon the *few*: mix them with a large portion of affected candour and ingenuousness, introduced in a haughty and contemptuous manner. Let there be a great abundance of falsehood, concealed under an apparent disinterestedness and integrity; and the two last to be the most professed when the former is most practised. Let his engagements and declarations, however solemnly made, be broken and disregarded, if he thinks he can procure afterwards a popular indemnity for illegality and deceit. He must subscribe to the doctrine of **PASSIVE OBEDIENCE**, and to the exercise of patronage independant of his approbation; and be careless of creating the  
most

most formidable enemies, if he can gratify the personal revenge and hatred of those who employ him, even at the expence of public ruin and general confusion.

HOW TO MAKE A SECRETARY OF STATE.

Take a man in a violent passion, or a man that never has been in one; but the first is the best. Let him be concerned in making an ignominious peace, the articles of which he could not comprehend, and cannot explain. Let him speak loud, and yet never be heard; and to be the kind of man for a SECRETARY OF STATE when nobody else will accept it.

HOW TO MAKE A PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.

Take a man who all his life loved office, merely for its emolument; and when measures which he had approved were eventually unfortunate, let him be notorious for relinquishing his share of the responsibility of them; and be stigmatized, for political courage in the period of prosperity, and for cowardice when there exists but the appearance of danger.

HOW



## HOW TO MAKE A CHANCELLOR.

Take a man of great abilities, with a heart as black as his countenance. Let him possess a rough inflexibility, without the least tincture of generosity or affection, and be as manly as oaths and ill manners can make him. He should be a man who will act politically with all parties, hating and deriding every one of the individuals which compose them.

## HOW TO MAKE A MASTER OF THE ORDNANCE.

Take a man of a busy, meddling, turn of mind, with just as much parts as will make him troublesome, but never respectable. Let him be so perfectly callous to a sense of personal honour, and to the distinction of public fame, as to be marked for the valour of insulting where it cannot be revenged\*; and, if a case should arise, where he attempts to injure reputation, because it is dignified and absent, he should possess *discretion* enough to apologise and to recant, if it is afterwards dictated to him to do so, notwithstanding any

\* “ What care I for the King’s Birth-day ! ”

H

previously

previously declared resolutions to the contrary. Such a man will be found to be the most fit for servitude in times of disgrace and degradation.

HOW TO MAKE A TREASURER OF THE NAVY.

Take a man, composed of most of the ingredients necessary to enable him to attack and defend the very same principles in politics, or any party or parties concerned in them, at all times, and upon all occasions. Mix with these ingredients a very large quantity of the root of interest, so that the juice of it may be always sweet and uppermost. Let him be one who avows a pride in being so necessary an instrument for every political measure, as to be able to extort those honours and emoluments from the weakness of a government, which he had been deliberately refused, at a time when it would have been honourable to have obtained them.

HOW TO MAKE A LORD OF THE TREASURY.

Take the most stupid man you can find, but who can make his signature; and from ignorance in *every thing* will never contradict you  
\*  
in

in *any thing*. He should not have a brother in the church, for if he has, he will most probably abandon or betray you. Or, take a man of fashion, with any sort of celebrity; if he has accustomed himself to arguments, though the dullness can only be measured by the length of them, he will serve to speak *against time*, with a certainty in that case of never being answered.

#### HOW TO MAKE A SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Take a pleading *Country Attorney*, without passion, and without parts. Let him be one who will seize the first opportunity of renouncing his connection with the first man who draws him out of obscurity and serves him. If he has no affections or friendships; so much the better; he will be more ready to contribute to his own advantage. He should be of a temper so pliable, and a perseverance so ineffectual, as to lead his master into troubles, difficulties, and ruin, when he thinks he is labouring to overcome them. Let him be a man, who has cunning enough, at the same time, to prey upon and decelve frankness and

H. 2

confidence;



confidence; and who, when he can no longer avail himself of both, will sacrifice even his character in the cause of treachery, and prefer the interests resulting from it, to the virtuous distinctions of honour and gratitude.

#### HOW TO MAKE A SECRETARY AT WAR.

Take a man that will take any thing. Let him possess all the negative virtues of being able to do no harm, but at the same time can do no good; for they are qualifications of a courtly nature, and may in time recommend him to a situation something worse, or something better.

#### HOW TO MAKE AN ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Take a little ugly man, with an *eye* to his preferment. It is not requisite that he should be much of a lawyer, provided that he be a tolerable politician; but in order to qualify himself for an *English Judge*, he should first be a *Welsh* one. He must have docility sufficient to do any thing; and, if a period should arrive, when power has popularity enough to make rules and laws for the evident purpose of gratifying malignity, he should be one who should

should be ready to advise or consent to the creation of new cases, and be able to defend new remedies for them, though they militate against every principle of reason, equity, and justice.

N. B. The greatest part of this Receipt would make a MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

#### HOW TO MAKE A WARDROBE-KEEPER, OR PRIVY PURSE.

Take the most supercilious fool in the nation, and let him be in confidence in proportion to his ignorance.

#### HOW TO MAKE A SURVEYOR GENERAL OF THE ORDNANCE.

Take a Captain in the *Navy*, as being best acquainted with the *Army*; he should have been a few years *at sea*, in order to qualify him for the direction of works *on shore*; and let him be one who will sacrifice his connections with as much ease as he would renounce his profession.

HOW

## HOW TO MAKE A PEER.

Take a man, with or without parts, of an ancient or a new family, with one, or with two Boroughs at his command, previous to a dissolution. Let him renounce all former professions and obligations, and engage to bring in your friends, and to support you himself. Or, take the Country Gentleman who the least expects it, and particularly let the honour be conferred when he has done nothing to deserve it.

## HOW TO MAKE SECRET INFLUENCE.

Take a tall, ill-looking man, with more vanity, and less reason for it, than any person in Europe. He should be one who does not possess a single consolatory private virtue, under a general public detestation. His pride and avarice should increase with his prosperity, while they lead him to neglect and despise the natural claims of indigence in his own family. If such a man can be found, he will easily be made the instigator, as well as the instrument, of a cabal, which has the courage to do mischief,



chief, and the cowardice of not being responsible for it ; convinced that he can never obtain any other importance, than that to be derived from the execution of purposes evidently pursued for the establishment of tyranny upon the wreck of public ruin.

HINTS

## H I N T S

FROM DR. PRETTYMAN, THE COMMIS, TO THE  
PREMIER'S PORTER.

To admit Mr. WILBERFORCE, although Mr. PITT should be even engaged with the SOUTHWARK agents, fabricating means to defeat Sir RICHARD HOTHAM.—WILBE must have *two* bows!—ATKINSON to be shewn into the anti-chamber—he will find amusement in reading LAZARRELLO DE TORMEZ, or the *complete Rogue*.—If LORD APSLEY and Mr. PERCIVAL come from the Admiralty, they may be ushered into the room where the large *looking-glasses* are fixed—in that case they will not regret waiting—Don't let LORD MAHON be detained an instant at the door, the pregnant young lady opposite having been sufficiently frightened already!!—JACK ROBINSON to be shewn into the study, as the private papers were all removed this morning—Let Lord LONSDALE have *my Lord*, and *your Lordship*, repeated to his ear as often as possible—the apartment hung with *garter-blue* is proper for his reception!—The other new  
Peers

Peers to be greeted only plain *Sir!* that they may remember their late *ignobility*, and feel new gratitude to the *benefactor of honours!*—You may, as if upon recollection, address some of the last list, *My Lord!*—and ask their names—it will be pleasing to them to sound out their own titles.—Lord ELIOT is to be an exception, as he will tediously go through every degree of his dignity in giving an answer.—All letters from BERKELEY-SQUARE to be brought in without mentioning Lord SHELBURNÉ's name, or even Mr. ROSE's.—The Treasury Messenger to carry the *red-box*, as usual, to CHARLES JENKINSON before it is sent to Buckingham-house.—Don't blunder a second time, and question Lord MOUNTMORRES as to the life of a *hackney chairman*—it is wrong to judge by appearances!—Lord GRAHAM may be admitted to the library—he can't read, and therefore won't derange the books.



## A T A L E.

AT BROOKES's once, it so fell out,  
 The box was push'd with glee about;  
 With mirth reciprocal inflamed,  
 'Twas said they rather play'd than gamed;  
 A general impulse through them ran,  
 And seem'd to actuate every man;  
 But as all human pleasures tend  
 At some sad moment to an end,  
 The hour at last approach'd, when lo!  
 'Twas time for every one to go.  
 Now for the first time it was seen,  
 A certain sam unowned had been;  
 To no man's spot directly fixt,  
 But placed—ambiguously betwixt;  
 So doubtfully indeed it lay,  
 That none with confidence could say  
 This cash is mine—I'm certain on't—  
 But most declined with—"Sir, I won't"—  
 "I can't in conscience urge a right,  
 "To what I am not certain quite."  
 —NORTHUMBRIA's DUKE, who wish'd to put  
 An end to this polite dispute,  
 Whose generous nature yearn'd to see  
 The smallest seeds of enmity,  
 Arose and said—"this cash is mine—  
 "For being ask'd to-day to dine,  
 "You see I am furbelow'd and fine,  
 "With full-made sleeves and pendant lace;  
 "Rely on't, this was just the case,

" That when by chance my arm I moved,

" The money from me then I shoved ;

" This clearly shews how it was shifted."

Thus said, the rhino then he lifted ;—

" Hold, hold, my Lord," says thoughtless HARR,

" Who never made his purse his care ;

A man who thought that money's use

Was real comfort to produce,

And all the pleasures scorn'd to know

Which from its *fang* enjoyments flow ;

Such as still charm their gladden'd eyes,

Who feel the bliss of avarice.

" Hold, hold, my Lord, how is it known

" This cash is certainly your own ?

" We each might urge as good a plea,

" Or WYNDHAM, CRAUFURD, SMITH, or me ;

" But we, though less it were to blame,

" Disdain'd so pitiful a claim ;

" Then here let me be arbitrator—

" I vote the money to the waiter."

Thus oft will generous folly think :

But prudence parts not so with chink.

On this occasion so it was,

For gravely thus my Lord Duke says :

" Consider, Sir, how large the sum,

" To full eight guineas it will come :

" Shall I, for your quaint verbal play,

" Consign a whole estate away ?

" Unjust, ridiculous, absurd,

" I will not do it, on my word ;

" Yet rather than let fools deride,

" I give my *fat* to divide ;

" So 'twixt the waiter and myself,  
 " Place equal portions of the pelf :  
 " Thus eighty shillings give to RALPH,  
 " To ALNWICK'S DUKE the other half."  
 HARE and the rest, (unthinking croud !)  
 At this decision laugh'd aloud :  
 " Sneer if you like," exclaim'd the Duke,  
 Then to himself his portion took ;  
 And spite of all the witless rakes,  
 The Peer and Porter part the stakes.

## M O R A L S.

- I. This maxim, then, ye spendthrifts know,  
 'Tis money makes the mare to go.
- II. By no wise man be this forgot ;  
 A penny saved's a penny got.
- III. This rule keep ever in your head ;  
 A half-loaf's better than no bread.
- IV. Though some may rail, and others laugh,  
 In your own hand still keep the staff.
- V. Forget not, Sirs, since Fortune's fickle,  
 Many a little makes a mickle.
- VI. By gay men's counsels be not thwarted,  
 Fools and their money soon are parted.

Save,



VII. Save, save, ye prudent—who can know  
How soon the high may be quite low ?

VIII. Of Christian virtues hear the sum,  
True charity begins at home.

IX. Neglect not farthings, careless elves,  
Shillings and pounds will guard themselves.

X. Get cash with honour if you can,  
But still to get it be your plan.

D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN A CERTAIN PERSONAGE AND HIS  
MINISTER.

IMITATED FROM THE NINTH ODE OF HORACE,

BOOK III.

*Donec gratus eram tibi.*

K— WHEN heedless of your birth and name,  
For pow'r you barter'd future fame,  
On that auspicious day,  
Of K—gs I reign'd supremely blest :  
Not HASTINGS rul'd the plunder'd East  
With more despotic sway.

P—TT. When only on my favoured head  
Your smiles their Royal influence shed,  
Then was the son of CH—TH—M  
The nation's pride, the public care,  
P—TT and PREROGATIVE their pray'r,  
While we, Sir, both laugh'd at 'em.

K— JENKY, I own, divides my heart,  
Skill'd in each deep and secret art  
To keep my C—MM—NS down :  
His views, his principles are mine ;  
For these I'd willingly resign  
My Kingdom and my Crown.

P—TT.

P—TT. As much as for the public weal,  
My anxious bosom burns with zeal  
For pious Parson WYV—LL;  
For him I'll fret, and fume, and spout,  
Go ev'ry length—except go out,  
For that's to me the Devil!

K— What if our sinking cause to save,  
We both our jealous strife should wave,  
And act our former farce on:  
If I to JENKY were more stern,  
Would you then, generously turn  
Your back upon the Parson?

P—TT. Tho' to support his patriot plan  
I'm pledg'd as *Minister* and *Man*,  
This storm I hope to weather;  
And since your Royal will is so,  
*Reforms* and the *Reformers* too,  
May all be damp'd together!

PRETTY.



**PRETTYMANIANA.**

**EPIGRAMS**

**ON THE**

**REV. DR. PR-TT-MAN'S DUPLICITY.**

**THAT PRETTYMAN'S** so pale, so spare,  
No cause for wonder now affords;  
He lives, alas! on empty fare,  
Who lives by *eating his own words!*

**II.**

In BAYES's burlesque, though so strange it appear'd,  
That PRINCE PRETTYMAN's self should PRINCE  
PRETTYMAN *kill*;  
Our Prettyman FURTHER to go has not fear'd,  
But in DAMNING himself, he extended his skill!

**III.**

Undaunted PITT, against the State to plot,  
Should int'rest spur, or passion urge ye;  
Dread not the hapless exit of LA MOTTE,  
Secure in *Benefit of Clergy!*

That

IV.

That against my fair fame  
 You devise so much blame,  
 Cries the Priest, with a damn me, what care I?  
 Since the gravest Divine,  
 Tells a lie worse than mine,  
 When he cries, "*Nolo Episcopari!*"

V.

How wisely PITT, for different ends,  
 Can marshal his obedient friends!  
 When only *time* he wants, not sense,  
 MULGRAVE vents *copious impotence*.  
 If demi-falsehood must be tried,  
 By ROSE the quibbling task's supply'd—  
 But for the more accomplish'd lie,  
 Who with meek PR—TT—MAN shall vie?

VI.

(PR—TT—MAN *loquitur*.)

Although, indeed, 'tis truly said,  
 The various principles of *Trade*  
 We are not very glib in;  
 Yet surely none will this deny,  
 Few know so well as PITT, or I,  
 To manufacture *fibbing*.

VII.

A horrible fib that a Priest should have told,  
 Seems to some people's thinking excessively odd,  
 Yet sure there's no maxim more certain or old,  
 Than "*The nearer the Church still the farther from God.*"

K

Why

VIII.

Why should such malice at the Parson fly?  
For though he *spoke*, he scorn'd to write a lye.

IX.

While the Wits and the Fools Parson PRETTY belabour,  
With—"Thou shalt not false witness set up 'gainst thy  
neighbour,"  
The text and the fact (cries the Priest) disagree,  
For in Downing-street I, in Great George-street lives He.

X.

What shall reward bold PRETTY's well-tim'd sense,  
For turning *now* an IRISH Evidence?  
An IRISH *Bishoprick's* the recompence!

}

XI.

What varied fates the same offence assail?  
PRETTY, install'd—and ATKINSON, in jail.  
Both scorn alike the laws that truth maintains;  
Yet one, a Prebend, one, a Prison gains.  
This mounts a *stall*, the *pillory* that ascends;  
For public, one, and one for private ends.  
The first gets ample scope *our* ears to pain;  
The other scarcely can *his own* retain:  
Just Heav'n, reverse the doom!—To punish each,  
To ATKINSON alone, let PRETTY preach!

XII.

How happy, alas! had it been for poor PITT,  
If WYVILL, like PRETTYMAN, never had writ!

*Scelerus*



XIII.

— *Scelera ipsa nefasque*  
*Hæc mercede placent* —

Cries PRETTYMAN, "Consider, Sir,  
 " My sacred cloth, and character."  
 The indignant Minister replied,  
 " This ne'er had been, had ORDE ne'er lyed."  
 The patient Priest at last relented;  
 And *all his Master wish'd*, invented;  
 Then added, with a faint-like whine,  
 " But the next Mitre *must* be mine!"

XIV.

For *tongue* or for *eye*,  
 Who with PRETTY can vie?  
 Sure such organs must save him much trouble;  
 For of labour not loth,  
 'Tis the way with them both,  
 Their functions to execute——*double!*

XV.

The days of miracle, 'twas thought, were past;  
 (Strange from what cause so wild an error sprung)  
 But now convinc'd, the world allows at last,  
 PRETTY's still favour'd with a—*cloven tongue!*

XVI.

*Faith in the Church*, all grave Divines contend,  
 Is the chief hold whence future hopes depend.  
 How hard then BRITAIN's lot!—for who hath *faith*  
 To credit *half* what Doctor PRETTY saith?

XVII.

( By SIR CECIL WRAY. )

Oh! if I had thought that PRETTY could lye,  
I'd a hired him, I would, for my Scrutiny!  
My poor Scrutiny!—My *dear* Scrutiny!  
My heart it down sinks—I wish I could die!

XVIII.

( By SIR JOSEPH MAWBEY. )

Lord BACON hang'd poor HOGG,  
For murd'ring, without pity, man;  
And so should PITT, by Gog,  
That kill-truth, Doctor PRETTYMAN—  
For say I will, spite of his wig,  
He's far below the *learned* Pig!

XIX.

( By THE SAME. )

Says WRAY to me, which is most witty,  
The learned Pig, or Parson PRETTY?  
Says I, I thinks, the latter is more wiser;  
PIGGY tells truth alone;—but PRETTY lyes, Sir,

XX.

( NOT by THE SAME. )

Three Parsons for three different patrons writ,  
For ROCKINGHAM, for PORTLAND, and for PITT.  
The first, in *speaking* truth alone surpass'd;  
The next could *write* it too—not so the last.—  
The pride of Churchmen to be beat was loth—  
So PRETTYMAN's the opposite to both!

How

XXI.

How much must IRELAND, PITT and PRETTY prize !  
Who swear, at all events, to *equal-lies*.

XXII.

———— *In vino Veritas* ————

PRETTY, the other night, was tripping caught—  
Forgive him, PITT ; he'll not repeat the fault—  
The best may err—misled by wine and youth—  
His Rev'rence drank too hard ; and told—*the truth!*  
Ev'n thou, should generous wine o'ercome thy sense,  
May'st rashly stumble on the same offence.

XXIII.

There are who think all State affairs  
The worst of wicked worldly cares,  
To mingle with the priestly leaven ;  
Yet sure the argument's uncouth—  
PRETTY shall *doubly* spread the truth,  
A Minister of Earth and Heaven.

XXIV.

While modern Statesmen glean, from priestly tribes,  
Rev'rend *Commis*, and sanctimonious scribes ;  
'Tis love of *truth*—yet vain the hope, alas !  
To make this *Holy Writ* for *Gospel* pass.

XXV.

Above the pride of worldly fame or show,  
A virtuous Priest should upwards turn his eyes—  
Thus PRETT contemns all *character* below,  
And thinks of nothing but the way to *rise*.

\*Gainst



## XXVI.

'Gainst PRETTY's unholiness vain 'tis to rail;  
 With a courtly Divine that's of little avail;  
 What Parson polite, would not virtue offend,  
 And maintain a *great* falsehood, to save a *great* friend?

## XXVII.

If St. PETER was made,  
 Of Religion the head,  
 For boldly his master denying;  
 Sure, PRETTY may hope  
 At least to be Pope,  
 For his greater achievements in lying.

## XXVIII.

Says PRETTYMAN, "I'll fib, d'ye see,  
 " If you'll reward me freely."  
 " Lye on (cries PITT) and claim of me  
 " The Bishoprick of E—LYE."

## XXIX.

'Tis said the *end* may sanctify the *means*,  
 And pious frauds denote a special grace;  
 Thus PRETTY's lye his master nobly screens—  
 Himself, good man! but seeks a *better* place.

## XXX.

" Sons of PATRICK! (cries ORDE) set up shop in your bog,  
 And you'll ruin the trade of JOHN BULL and NICK FROG."  
 " That's a lye (replies PITT) we shall gain by their riches;  
 If we wear IRISH *skirts*, they must wear ENGLISH *breeches*."  
 " You both lye (exclaims PRETTY) but I will lye too;  
 And, compar'd with my lye, what you say will seem true!"

For

## XXXI.

For pert malignity observ'd alone,  
 In all things else unnotic'd, and unknown;  
 Obscurely odious, PRETTY pass'd his days,  
 Till more inventive talents won our lays.  
 " Now write, he cries, an Epigram's my pride:  
 " Who wou'd have known me, if I ne'er had ly'd?"

## XXXII.

With pious whine, and hypocritic snivel,  
 Our fathers said, "*Tell truth, and shame the Devil!*"  
 A nobler way bold PR——TT——N is trying,  
 He seeks to *shame the Devil*—by outlying.

## XXXIII.

(In answer to a former)

No *clowen tongue* the Doctor boasts from heav'n,  
 Such gifts but little wou'd the Doctor boot;  
 For preaching *Truth* the *clowen tongues* were giv'n  
 His lyes demonstrate more the *clowen foot*.

## XXXIV.

Maxims, says PRETT, and adages of old,  
 Were circumscrib'd, though clever;  
 Thus Truth, they taught, *not always* should be told;  
 But I maintain, *not ever*.

## XXXV.

In the drama of CONGREVE, how charm'd do we read  
 Of *Spintext* the *Parson*, and *Maskwell* the *Cheat*;  
 But in life would you study them closer, indeed,  
 For equal originals—see *Downing-street*.

PITT

XXXVI.

PITT and PRETTY came from College  
To serve themselves, and serve the state ;  
And the world must all acknowledge  
Half is done—so half may wait :  
For PRETTY says, 'tis rather new,  
When even *half* they say—is *true*.

XXXVII.

The Devil's a dealer in lyes, and we see  
That two of a trade never yet could agree ;  
Then DOCTOR proceed, and d—m——n despise,  
What Devil would take such a rival in lyes.

XXXVIII.

GRAND TREATY OF LYING.

The Devil and PRETTY a treaty have made,  
On a permanent footing to settle their trade ;  
'Tis the Commerce of Lying,—and this is the law ;  
The Devil *imports* him all lyes that are *raw* ;  
Which, check'd by no *docket*, unclogg'd with a fee,  
The *Priest* manufactures, and vends *duty free* ;  
Except where the lye gives his conscience such trouble,  
The *internal* expence should have recompence double.  
Thus to navigate falsehood no bar they'll devise ;  
But Hell must become the EMPORIUM of Lyes.  
Nay, the Bishops themselves, when in pulpit they bark it,  
Must supply their consumption, from Satan's *own market*,  
While *reciprocal tribute* is paid for the whole  
In a surplussage d—m—g of P—TTY—'s soul.

FOREIGN



# FOREIGN EPIGRAMS.

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## I.

*By the Chevalier de BOUFFLERS.*

“ PRETTIMAN est menteur, il s'est moqué de nous ”  
 “ (Se crient en courroux tous les fots d'Angleterre) ”  
 Calmez vous donc, Messieurs—eh ! comment savez vous  
 Si c'est bien un mensonge, ou si c'est un mystère ?

## II.

*By Professor HEYNE, of the UNIVERSITY of GOTTINGEN.*

*In Dominum PITTUM Doctoremque PRETTYMANNUM,*  
*Figulus loquitur—Scena, Vicus, vulgo dictus Downing.*  
 Vivitur hic, cives, pacto quo denique ? Rhetor  
 Ecce loqui refugit ; scribere scriba negat.

## III.

*BY THE SAME.*

Faliloquusne Puer magis, an fallacior ille  
 Scriba ? Puer fallax, scribaque faliloquus.

## IV.

*By COMTE CASIMIR, a descendant of the famous CASI-*  
*MIR, the great Latin Poet of POLAND.*

BELLUS HOMO atque pius vis idem dicier—At tu  
 Mendax, unde Pius ? Bellus es unde, Strabo ?

V.

By FATHER MOONY, *Priest of KILCOEBIN.*

A Mick na braaga Streepy poga ma Thone  
Na vuishama da Ghob, Oghone ! Oghone !

VI.

\* By EUGENIUS, *Archbishop of SLAVENSK and KHERSON, in Russia, and Author of a Translation of VIRGIL'S GEORGICS into Greek Hexameters.*

Ψευδων υχ' ιερης αισχυνισαι. Ειδε σ' αληδῶς,  
Ω ψευδων ιερην, και ψευδιερην λεγομαι.

Falsa-dicens Sacerdos non erubescit. Utinam te verè  
O falsa-dicens Sacerdos, et falsò-te-sacerdotem-dicentem  
appellarem.

VII.

BY THE SAME.

Ψευδων υτος ολως η πανοσιαι. Ην δε γινωμης  
Τεισδ' αυτος ιγων ποτ' επισκοπος, η μιν ιασῶ,  
Ο ψευδων δ' ιερης και ψευδιερης ταχ' ανιη.

Falsa dicere ille omninò non desinet. Si vero fierem  
Talis viri ipse ego quandoque Episcopus, non equidem  
finerem  
Falsa-dicens autem sacerdos et qui-se-falso-sacerdotem di-  
ceret cito foret.

\* We cannot withhold from the good Bishop our particular thanks  
for his excellent Hexameters, which breathe indeed the spirit both of  
piety and poetry. We have taken the liberty of subjoining a literal  
translation, in Latin Prose, to the Epigrams of EUGENIUS, as well  
as to the distich of Mons. VILLOISON, for the accommodation of the  
younger Students at our Universities.

By

VIII.

By Mons. VILLOISON, the celebrated Grecian and French  
Editor of LONGINUS, &c. &c.

Ad amicum quendam qui DOCTOREM PRETTIMAN-  
NUM sacerdotem appellaret.

a. Ψευδὴν ὄντα ΙΕΡΟΝ. τί δὲ τοῦ ψευδοῦς ΙΕΡΗΑ

Χρησι καλεῖν; β. ΙΕΡΕΥΣ ἢ ὄντα ΙΕΡΟΣ λεγεται.

a. Mentiri non *sacrum*. Quid verò mentientem *sacerdotem*  
Oportet te vocare? b. *Sacerdos* & non *sacer* dicitur.

IX.

MADRIGALE—By SIGNOR CAPONINI, of ROME.

In quel bel dì, ch'il Dio del VERO nacque,

Per tutto il mondo tacque

Ogni Oracol mendace in ogni fano.

Così va detto, ma si è detto in vano.

Ecco, in quest' isola remota, anch' ora

L' Oracola s' adora

D' un giovinetto Febo, che a le genti

Per un suo sacerdote manda fuora

Quel, ch' ei risponde a lusingar lor menti;

In guisa, che può far chiamar verace

L' Oracolo de' Grechi più mendace.

X.

By Dr. CORTICELLI, of BOLOGNA.

Io non ho mai veduto un sì bel PRETTIMANNO,

Con un sì gran Perrucho, e d' occhi sì squintanno.



## XI.

*In the language of OTAHEITE.—By M. de BOUGAINVILLE.  
(With an interlined Translation, according to Capt. COOK'S  
GLOSSARY.)*

• Prettyman	to call	liar	interjection
Peetimai,	tooo too, ooo,	taata,	Allaheuecai!
Insincere man	to cuff	liar	nasty
Hamaneeno,	eparoo,	taata,	erepo, Peetimai,

## XII.

*In the language of TERRA INCOGNITA, (viz.  
AUSTRALIS) by the noted Mr. BRUCE.*

[A translation is requested by the earliest discoverer, the original being left at the publisher's for his inspection by the author, who has most kindly communicated the following representation of the genuine words, adapted to the ENGLISH type.—May we not presume to suggest the infinite service Mr. M'PERSON would render to his country, were he generously to embark in the first outward-bound ship for TERRA AUSTRALIS—No man in EUROPE being so well qualified for the useful sta-

• PEETIMAI is wonderfully near the original PRETTYMAN, considering that, after every effort, the inhabitants of OTAHEITE could not approximate to the name of BANKS nearer than OPANO—nor of COOK, than TOOTE.  
tion

tion of universal linguist and decypherer to the savages—" *I decus, I nostrum.*" ]

HOT. TOT.

HUM. SCUM.

KIKEN. ASS.

HOT. TOT.

ROW. ROW.

KIKEN. ASS.

QUIP. LUNK.

NUN. SKUMP.

KISSEN. ASS.

TARRAH. DUD.

LICEN. TOCK.

KIKEN. ASS. TOT.

We must apologize to several of our more erudite correspondents, for suspending some short time the publication of their most curious epigrams on the Doctor. We have not the least objection to the extra expence necessarily incurred on the present occasion, by the purchase of a variety of antique types. Nay, we have actually contracted with the celebrated CASLON, for the casting of a proper quantity of the COPTIC and RUNIC characters, in order to the due representation of the PRETTYMAN-  
NIANA, communicated by Professor WHITE,  
and

and **Monf. MAILLET**. As it might be some time however, before **Mr. CASLON**, even with the assistance of **Mess. FRY and Sons'** foundery, can furnish us with the **PERSIC, SYRIAC, and CHACHTAW** types, we cannot promise the **Doctor** the insertion of the **GENTOO REBUS**, or the **NEW ZEALAND ACROSTIC** in the present edition.

**ADVER-**



## ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

MISSING from the genealogies of the new Peers—three FATHERS—five MOTHERS—nine GRANDFATHERS—fourteen GRANDMOTHERS—twenty GREAT-GRANDFATHERS—and nearly twice the number of GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS—also some COMPLETE GENERATIONS OF ANCESTORS.

If any person can give notice at the HERALD'S OFFICE of any Fathers, Mothers, Grandfathers, Grandmothers, Great-grandfathers, and Great-grandmothers, worth owning, of the names of C—, D—, H—, L—, P—, E—, &c. &c. &c. so as that the said Fathers, Mothers, Grandfathers, Grandmothers, Great-grandfathers, and Great-grandmothers, may be taken and restored to the advertisers, the person so informing, for every such notice, shall receive ONE GUINEA reward, and no questions shall be asked.

And if any person will undertake to find ANCESTORS BY THE GENERATION, for every regular descent of not less than *three*, and not more than *five*, he shall receive TWO GUINEAS each ancestor; and for every regular de-

scent of not less than *six*, and not more than *ten*, he shall receive FIVE GUINEAS each ancestor, and so in proportion for any greater number.

A HANDSOME COMPLIMENT will also be given, in addition to the rewards above proposed, for ANCESTORS who distinguished themselves under JAMES II. CHARLES II. and Charles I. in the cause of PREROGATIVE. Likewise an extraordinary price will be paid for the discovery of any ANCESTOR of REMOTE ANTIQUITY and HIGH FAMILY; such as the immortal DUKE ROLLO, companion of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, and founder of the present illustrious family of ROLLE.

N. B. No greater reward will be offered, as THE HERALDS have received directions for making NEW.

VIVE

## VIVE LE SCRUTINY.

## CROSS GOSPEL THE FIRST.

—BUT what says my good LORD BISHOP OF LONDON to this same WESTMINSTER SCRUTINY—this daily combination of rites, *sacred and profane*—ceremonies *religious and political* under his hallowed roof of ST. ANN'S CHURCH, SOHO? Should his Lordship be unacquainted with this curious process, let him know it is briefly this:—At *ten* o'clock the HIGH BAILIFF opens his inquisition in the VESTRY, for the PERDITION OF VOTES, where he never fails to be honoured with a crowded audience.—At *eleven* o'clock the HIGH PRIEST mounts the rostrum in the CHURCH for the SALVATION OF SOULS, without a single *body* to attend him, even his corpulent worship, the clerk, after the first introductory AMEN, filing off to the Vestry, to lend a hand towards reaping a quicker harvest!—The alternate vociferations from Church to Vestry, during the different SERVICES, were found to cross each other sometimes in responses so apposite, that a gen-

M

tleman



tleman who writes short-hand was induced to take down part of the Church medley dialogue of one day, which he here transcribes for general information, on a subject of such singular importance, viz.

HIGH BAILIFF.—I cannot see that *this here fellow* is a just vote.

CURATE.—“ *In thy sight shall no man living be justified.*”

Mr. FOX.—I despise the pitiful machinations of my opponents, knowing the just cause of my electors must in the end prevail.

CURATE.—“ *And with thy favourable kindness shalt thou defend him as with a shield.*”

WITNESS.—He swore d—n him if he did not give Fox a plumper!

CLERK.—“ *Good Lord! deliver us.*”

Mr. MORGAN.—I stand here as Counsel for Sir CECIL WRAY.

CURATE.—“ *A general pestilence visited the land, serpents and FROGS defiled the holy temple.*”

Mr. PHILLIPS.—Mr. HIGH BAILIFF, the audacity of that fellow opposite to me would almost justify my chastising him in this sacred place; but I will content myself with rolling his heavy head in the neighbouring kennel.

CURATE,

CURATE.—“ Give peace in our time, O Lord!”

Sir CECIL WRAY.—I rise only to say thus much, that is, concerning myself—though as for the matter of myself, I don’t care, Mr. HIGH BAILIFF, much about it—

Mr. Fox.—Hear! hear! hear!

CURATE.—“ If thou shalt see the ass of him that ~~bindeth~~ <sup>bindeth</sup> thee tying under his burthen, thou shalt surely help him.”

Sir CECIL WRAY.—I trust—I dare say—at least I hope I may venture to think—that my Right Hon. friend—I should say enemy—fully comprehends what I have to offer in my own defence.

CURATE.—“ As for me I am a worm, and no man; a very scorn of men, and the outcast of the people!—fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible dread overwhelmed me!!!”

HIGH BAILIFF.—As that fellow there says he did not vote for Fox, who did he poll for?

CURATE.—“ BARRABAS!—now Barrabas was a robber.”

## VIVE LE SCRUTINY.

## CROSS GOSPEL THE SECOND.

HIGH BAILIFF.—This here case is, as I may say, rather *more* muddier than I could wish.

DEPUTY GROJAN.—*Ce n'est pas clair*—I think, Sir, with you.

CURATE.—“*Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord!*”

MR. FOX.—Having thus recapitulated all the points of so contradictory an evidence, I leave you, Mr. High Bailiff, to decide upon its merits.

CURATE.—“*He leadeth Counsellors away spoiled, and maketh Judges fools.*”

HIGH BAILIFF.—I don't care three brass pins points about that there—though the poor feller did live in a shed; yet as he says he once boiled a sheep's head under his own roof, which I calls his *castbillum*—argyle, I declares him a good wote!

CLERK.—“*Oh Lord! incline our hearts to keep this law.*”

BAR-



**BAR-KEEPER.**—Make way for the parish-officers, and the other gemmen of the *Westry*,

**CURATE.**—“*I said my house should be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves!*”

**Mr. ELCOCK.**—*Mr. High Bailey!* Sir, them there *Foxites* people are *sniggering* and *tittering* on the other side of the table; and from what I can guess I am sure it can be at nobody but you or me.

**CURATE.**—“*Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man!*”

**Sir CECIL WRAY.**—I am sure this same **SCRUTINY** proves sufficiently burthensome to me!

**CURATE.**—“*Saddle me an ass, and they saddled him.*”

**HIGH BAILIFF.**—*Mr. HARGRAVE* here, my counsel, says—it is my opinion that this *wote* is legally substantiated according to law.

**CURATE.**—“*So MORDECAI did, according to all that JEHOIAPHAT commanded him!*”

**Mr. PHILLIPS.**—And now friend **MORGAN**, having gone through my list of thirty votes, and struck off twenty-six bad, from  
that

that number, I will leave you to make  
your own comment thereon.

**CURATE.**—“*And lo! when they arose in the  
morning, they were all dead corpses!*”

**HIGH BAILIFF.**—But for God’s sake, good  
Sir, in that case, what will the people  
justly say of me?

**CURATE.**—“*Let a gallows be erected fifty cubits  
high, and to-morrow speak unto the King,  
that MORDECAI may be hanged thereon!*”

PARA-

**PARAGRAPH-OFFICE, IVY-LANE.**

**WHEREAS** by public orders from this office, all **GENTLEMEN RUNNERS** and **SCRIBBLERS**, **PUNNERS** and **QUIBBLERS**, **PUFFERS**, **PLAISTERERS**, **DAUBERS** and **SPATTERERS**, in our pay, and under our direction, were required, for reasons therein specified, to be particularly diligent in defending and enforcing the projected **DUTY ON COALS**.

**AND WHEREAS** the virtuous and illustrious **CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER**, patriotically resolving to prefer the private interests of his friends to the public distress of his enemies; and prudently preferring the friendship of **LORD LONSDALE** to the satisfaction of ruining the manufactures of **IRELAND**, has accordingly signified in the **HOUSE OF COMMONS**, that he intends to propose some other tax as a substitute for the said duty,

**THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE** to all **Gentlemen Runners**, and **Scribblers**, as aforesaid, that they hold themselves ready to furnish, agreeably to our future orders, a sufficient number of panegyrical paragraphs, properly ornamented with *Italics* and **CAPITALS**, notes of interro-



interrogation, and notes of admiration, apostrophe's and exclamations, in support of any tax whatever, which the young Minister in his wisdom may think proper to substitute. AND in the mean time that they fail not to urge the public spirit and zeal for the national welfare, humanity to the poor, and regard for the prosperity of our manufacturers, which considerations ALONE induced the Minister to abandon his original purpose of taxing coals: AND that they expatiate on the wise exemptions and regulations which the Minister would certainly have introduced into his bill for enacting the said tax, but that (as he declared in the House of Commons) unfortunately for the finances of this country, he had not time in the present Session of Parliament to devise such exemptions and regulations: AND FINALLY, that they boldly assert the said tax to have been GOOD, POLITIC, JUST, and EQUITABLE; but that the new tax, which is to be substituted in place of it, will necessarily be BETTER, MORE POLITIC, MORE JUST, and MORE EQUITABLE.

MAC-OSSIAN,

*Superintendent-General of the Press,*

PITT

## PITT AND PINETTI.

## A P A R A L L E L.

**SIGNOR PINETTI** the Conjuror, and **Mr. PITT** the Premier, have a wonderful similitude in the principal transactions and events by which they are distinguished.

**PINETTI**, in defiance of **Mr. COLMAN**, took possession of his property in the **HAY-MARKET THEATRE**, and by the help of a little agency behind the scenes, played several tricks, and became popular !

**Mr. PITT** in like manner seized upon another **THEATRE-ROYAL**, in the absence of the rightful possessor, the Duke of **PORTLAND**. He had not, it is true, the permission of a **LORD CHAMBERLAIN** as **PINETTI** had ; but the countenance of a **LORD OF THE BEDCHAMBER** was deemed equivalent. Here he exhibited several surprising tricks and deceptions ; we will say nothing of the agency, but all present appeared delighted, **PINETTI** also exhibited in the presence of Royalty, and with equal

N

success,

success, as the sign manual he boasts of will testify.

PINETTI cuts a lemon in two, and shews a KNAVE OF DIAMONDS—Mr. PITT in like manner can divide the HOUSE OF COMMONS, which for its acidity may be called the political lemon. He cannot at present shew a KNAVE OF DIAMONDS; but what may he not do when Mr. HASTINGS arrives?\*

PINETTI takes a number of rings, he fastens them together, and produces a CHAIN.—Does any person dispute Mr. PITT's ability to construct a CHAIN?

PINETTI has a SYMPATHETIC LIGHT, which he extinguishes at command—Mr. PITT's method of leaving us in the dark is by BLOCKING UP OUR WINDOWS!

PINETTI takes money out of one's pocket in defiance of all the caution that can be used—Mr. PITT does the same, without returning it.—In this the Minister differs from the Conjuror!

\* The Editor feels it necessary to declare, in justice to Mr. HASTINGS's character, that the charges since preferred by the HOUSE OF COMMONS, and MAJOR SCOTT's *honour as a Gentleman*, have amply disproved all parts of this comparison.

PINETTI



PINETTI attempted to strip off an Englishman's shirt; if he had succeeded, he would have retained his popularity.—Mr. PITT attempted this trick, and has carried his point.

PINETTI has a bird which sings exactly any tune put before it.—Mr. PITT has upwards of TWO HUNDRED birds of this description.—N. B. PEARSON says they are a pack of CHATTERING MAGPIES.

NEW ABSTRACT  
OF THE  
B U D G E T,  
FOR 1784.

COMMUTATION TAX.—AN ACT for rendering houses more chearful, healthy, comfortable, and commodious.

PAPER DITTO.—AN ACT for the encouragement of authors, the promotion of learning, and extending the liberty of the prefs.

POSTAGE DITTO.—AN ACT for expediting business, increasng social intercourse, and facilitating the epistolary correspondence of friends.

DISTILLERY DITTO.—AN ACT for making the landlords responsible to government for the obedience of their own and their neighbours tenantry.

CANDLE DITTO.—AN ACT for the benevolent purpose of putting the blind on a level with their fellow-creatures.

**EXCISE GOODS DITTO.**—AN ACT for lessening the burthen of the subject by an increase of the collection.

**SOAP DITTO.**—AN ACT for suppressing the effeminacy of Englishmen, by disappointing them of clean linen.

**SMUGGLING DITTO.**—AN ACT for demonstrating the arbitrary spirit of this free government, in whatever clashes with the interests of the Treasury.

**GAME DITTO.**—AN ACT for making the many responsible, for a monopoly of every thing nice and delicate, to the palates of the few.

**HORSE DITTO.**—AN ACT for reducing the farmers to the wholesome exercise of walking, while their servants enfeeble themselves with riding.



## THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

AT the last grand FETE given by Mr. JENKINSON to his friends in Administration, it was proposed, that as WILBERFORCE had sprained his leg at the last game at LEAP-FROG, and PRATT had grown too fat for their old favourite sport of HIDE-AND-SEEK, some new diversion should be instituted.—Various *succedanea* were suggested, such as CHUCK-FARTHING, MARBLES, &c. but at last the general voice determined in favour of the DRAMA.—After some little altercation as to what particular dramatic production to select, the comic opera of TOM JONES was performed, and the arrangement of characters was disposed of as follows :

### D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

BLIFIL,	-	MR. PITT.
BLACK GEORGE,	-	MR. ROBINSON.
KING OF THE GYPSIES,		LORD THURLOW.
THWACKAM,	-	MR. JENKINSON.
SQUARE,	-	DR. PRETTYMAN.
SQUIRE WESTERN,	-	MR. ROLLE.
PARTRIDGE,	-	MR. MACPHERSON.

The

The parts of ALLWORTHY, TOM JONES, and SOPHIA, were subjects of long and difficult discussion; but at length Mr. DUNDAS put an end to the altercation, by assuring the company that he was willing and able to act ANY part, and would be glad, though at so short a notice, to attempt that of ALLWORTHY. The same offer was handsomely made by Lord DENBIGH for that of TOM JONES, and the character of SOPHIA was at last allotted to VILLIERS.

THE

## WESTMINSTER GUIDE,

## PART I.

ADDRESSED TO MR. ANSTY,

POST to town, my friend ANSTY, or if you refuse  
 A visit in person, yet spare us your muse :  
 Give her wing, ere too late for this city's election,  
 Where much waits her comment, and more her correction,  
 What novels to laugh at ! What follies to chide !  
 Oh ! how we all long for a WESTMINSTER Guide !  
 First, in judgement decisive, as OTTOMAN Califf,  
 Aloft on the huffings, behold the HIGH BAILIFF !  
 But we miss from the seat, where law rests on a word,  
 The old symbols of justice—the scales and the sword—  
 As a symbol too martial the sword he discards,  
 So 'tis lodg'd where it suits—in the hands of the guards ;  
 And doubting the poise of weak hands like his own,  
 He suspended the scales at the foot of the throne.—

Turn next to the candidates—at such a crisis—  
 We've a right to observe on their virtues or vices.

H—



Hood sounds (and with justice to most apprehensions)  
 In years of fair services, manly pretensions;  
 But his party to change, and his friend to betray,  
 By some are held better pretensions in WRAY.

For the third, if at Court we his character scan,  
 A dæmon incarnate is poor CARLO KHAN;  
 Catch his name when afloat on convivial bumpers,  
 Or sent up to the skies by processions of plumpers;  
 He is Freedom's defender, the champion of Right,  
 The Man of the People, the nation's delight.  
 To party or passion we scorn to appeal,  
 Nor want we the help of intemperate zeal;  
 Let Time from Detraction have rescued his cause,  
 And our verse shall but echo a nation's applause.

But hark! proclamation and silence intreated;  
 The inspectors arranged—the polling clerks seated—  
 With Bibles in hand, to purge willing and loth,  
 With the Catholic Test, and the Bribery Oath.  
 In clamour and tumult mobs thicken around,  
 And for one voice to vote there are ten to confound;  
 St. GILES's with WAPPING unites Garretteers,  
 HOOD and WRAY and Prerogative, PITT and three cheers!  
 'Tis the day for the Court—the grand Treasury push!  
 And the pack of that kennel well trained to the *brusb*,  
 Dash noisy and fearless through thick and through thin,  
 The huntsman unseen, but his friends whippers-in.

Now follow fresh tribes, scarce a man worth a louse,  
 Till put into plight at NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE;

Ten poll for one mansion, each proving he keeps it,  
And one for each chimney—he'll prove that he sweeps it—  
With these mix the great, on rights equally fables,  
Great Peers from poor lodgings, great Lawyers from stables;  
Ev'n the Soldier, whose household's a centinel box,  
Claims a questionless franchise 'gainst Freedom and Fox;  
All dubbed and maintain'd upon influence regal.  
Of the new H——s of C——s constituents legal.

What troops too of females 'mongst CHARLES's opposers?  
Old tabbies and gossips, scolds, gigglers, and sprofers!  
And Lady LACKPENSION, and Dowager THRIFTY,  
And many a maiden the wrong side of fifty;  
And FUBZY, with flesh and with flabbiness laden,  
(And in all things indeed the reverse of a maiden)  
And hags after hags join the barbarous din,  
More hateful than serpents, more ugly than SIN.

Thus \* the Bacchanal tribes when they ORPHEUS as-  
sailed,  
Drowned his notes with their yells ere their vengeance  
prevailed,  
Well knowing the sound of his voice or his lyre,  
Had charms to allay diabolical ire.

\* NOTE.] *Thus the Bacchanal tribes, &c.*

Cunctaque tela forent cantu mollita: sed ingens  
Clamor, et inflatâ Berecynthia tibia cornu,  
Tympanaque, Plaususque, et Bacchei ululatus  
Obstrepuere sono Citharæ. Tum denique Saxa  
Non exauditi rubuerunt Sanguine Vatis.

OVID.

Our

Our Bacchanals find a more difficult foe;  
 For what strains can inchant, though from ORPHEUS they  
     flow,

Like the orator's spell o'er the patriot mind,  
 When pleading to reason the cause of mankind?

Now for councils more secret that govern the plan—  
*A Calif is nothing without a DIVAN.*

With invisible step let us steal on the quorum,  
 Where MAINWARING sits in the Chair of Decorum.  
 And WILMOT harangues to the brethren elect,  
 "On his master's commands—" Carry law to effect."  
 "The true reading, my friends, in the *jus bacculinum*,  
 "When the FOXITES are drubbed, then imprison or  
     fine 'em;  
 "And let him who would construe th' effective still further,  
 "Knock out a friend's brains to accuse them of murder.  
 "I have ready some hundreds of resolute knaves,  
 "With bludgeons well shaped into Constables' staves,  
 "In WESTMINSTER strangers—true creatures of power,  
 "Like the lions—ferociously nursed at the Tower §.  
 "Do we want more support?—Mark! that band of red  
     coats!  
 "Whose first service over, of giving their votes,  
 "Why not try for a second—the cutting of throats!  
 "From the SAVOY they march—their mercy all lie at,  
 "When the Bench gives the call, and St. J——s's the fiat."  
 Thus the law of effect the wise justice expounds,  
 This is WILMOT's abridgment comprised in twelve rounds;

\* See the letter of the Lord Lieutenant of M———x, May 8th.

§ These strange Constables were avowedly brought from the Tower Hamlets.



The new MIDDLESEX CODE—which treats subjects like  
partridge,  
While the Statutes at large are cut up into cartridge.

Enough of these horrors—a milder design,  
Though not a more lawful one, CORBET, is thine !  
The polling to close, but decision adjourn,  
And in scrutiny endless to sink the return.  
Thy employers who ranged on the Treasury Bench,  
For prerogative fight, or behind it intrench,  
Shall boldly stand forth in support of the act,  
Which they mean to restrain by law after the fact.  
With quibble and puzzle that reason disgrace,  
Or with impudent paradox put in its place,  
They shall hold, *that an indigent party's defence,*  
*When at war with the Treasury, lies in expence ;*  
*\* That the part of the vexed is to cherish vexation,*  
*And strain it through DRIPSTONES of procrastination—*  
These positions you'll say are indeed hypothetic—  
At Court they'll be Gospel—the muse is prophetic.

\* See the speech of a young orator in a late debate.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART

## P A R T II.

ADDRESSED TO MR. HAYLEY.

TO thy candour now HAYLEY I offer the line,  
 Which after thy model I fain would refine.  
 Thy skill, in each trial of melody sweeter,  
 Can to elegant themes adapt frolicksome metre;  
 And at will, with a comic or tender controul,  
 Now speak to the humour, and now to the soul.  
 We'll turn from the objects of satire and spleen,  
 That late, uncontrasted, disfigured the scene;  
 To WRAY leave the rage the defeated attends,  
 And the conqueror hail in the arms of his friends;  
 Count with emulous zeal the selected and true,  
 Enroll in the list, and the triumph pursue.  
 These are friendships that bloomed in the morning of life,  
 Those were grafted on thorns midst political strife;  
 Alike they matured from the stem, or the flower,  
 Unblighted by int'rest, unshaken by power.  
 Bright band! to whose feelings in constancy tried,  
 Disfavour is glory, oppression is pride;  
 Attached to his fortunes, and fond of his fame,  
 Vicissitudes pass but to shew you the same.

But whence this fidelity, new to the age?  
 Can parts, though sublime, such attachments engage?  
 No: the dazzle of parts may the passions allure,  
 'Tis the heart of the friend makes affections endure.

The

The heart that intent on all worth but its own,  
 Assists every talent, and arrogates none;  
 The feeble protects, as it honours the brave,  
 Expands to the just, and hates only the knave.

These are honours, my Fox, that are due to thy deeds;  
 But lo! yet a brighter alliance succeeds;  
 The alliance of beauty in lustre of youth,  
 That shines on thy cause with the radiance of truth.  
 The conviction they feel the fair zealots impart,  
 And the eloquent eye sends it home to the heart.  
 Each glance has the touch of Ithuriel's spear,  
 That no art can withstand, no deception can bear,  
 And the effort of malice and lie of the day,  
 Detected and scorn'd, break like vapour away.

Avaunt, ye profane! the fair pageantry moves:  
 An entry of VENUS, led on by the loves!  
 Behold how the urchins round DEVONSHIRE press!  
 For orders, submissive, her eyes they address:  
 She assumes her command with a diffident smile,  
 And leads, thus attended, the pride of the Isle.

Oh! now for the pencil of GUIDO! to trace,  
 Of KEPPEL the features, of WALDEGRAVES the grace;  
 Of FITZROY the bloom the May morning to vie,  
 Of SEFTON the air, of DUNCANNON the eye;  
 Of LOFTUS the smiles (though with preference proud,  
 She gives ten to her husband, for one to the croud)  
 Of PORTLAND the manner, that steals on the breast,  
 But is too much her own to be caught or expressed;



The charms that with sentiment *BOUVERIE* blends,  
The fairest of forms and the truest of friends ;  
The look that in *WARBURTON*, humble and chaste,  
Speaks candour and truth, and discretion and taste ;  
Or with equal expression in *HORTON* combined,  
Vivacity's dimples with reason refined.

*REYNOLDS*, haste to my aid, for a figure divine,  
Where the pencil of *GUIDO* has yielded to thine ;  
Bear witness the canvas where *SHERIDAN* *lives*,  
And with angels, the lovely competitor, strives——  
While Earth claims her beauty and Heaven her strain,  
Be it mine to adore ev'ry link of the chain !

But new claimants appear ere the lyre is unstrung,  
Can *PAYNE* be passed by ? Shall not *MILNER* be sung ?  
See *DELME* and *HOWARD*, a favourite pair,  
For grace of both classes, the zealous and fair——  
A verse for *MORANT*, like her wit may it please,  
Another for *BRADDYLL* of elegant ease,  
For *BAMFYLDE* a simile worthy her frame——  
Quick, quick—I have yet half a hundred to name——  
Not *PARNASSUS* in concert could answer the call,  
Nor multiplied muses do justice to all.

Then follow the throng where with festal delight  
More pleasing than *HEBE*, *CREWE* opens the night.  
Not the goblet nectareous of welcome and joy,  
That *DIDO* prepared for the hero of *TROY* ;  
Not Fiction, describing the banquets above,  
Where goddesses mix at the table of *JOVE* ;

Could

Could afford to the soul more ambrosial cheer  
 Than attends on the fairer associates here.  
 But CREWE, with a mortal's distinction content,  
 Bounds her claim to the rites of this happy event;  
 For the hero to twine civic garlands of fame,  
 With the laurel and rose interweaving his name,  
 And while Iö Pæans his merits avow,  
 As the Queen of the feast, place the wreath on his brow.

# INSCRIPTION

*For the DUKE OF RICHMOND's Bust to the Memory of  
the late MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM.*

HAIL marble! happy in a double end!  
Rais'd to departed principles and friend;  
The friend once gone, no principles would stay;  
For very grief, they wept themselves away!  
Let no harsh censure such conjunction blame,  
Since join'd in life, their fates should be the same.  
Therefore from death they feel a common ring,  
And HEAV'N receives the one, and one the K—o.

## EPIGRAM.

*Reason for Mr. Fox's avowed contempt of one PIGOT's Address to him.*

WHO shall expect the country's friend,  
The darling of the House,  
Should for a moment condescend  
To crack a \* PRISON LOUSE.

\* The substantive in the marked part of this line has been long an established SYNONYME for Mr. PIGOT, and the PREDICATE, we are assured, is not at this time less just.

P

ANOTHER.



A N O T H E R.

*On one PIGOT's being called a LOUSE.*

PIGOT is a *Louse*, they say,  
But if you kick him, you will see,  
'Tis by much the the truest way,  
To represent him as a FLEA.

A N O T H E R.

FOR servile meanness to the great,  
Let none hold PIGOT cheap;  
Who can resist his destined fate,  
A LOUSE must always CREEP.

A N O T H E R.

PIGOT is sure a most courageous man,  
"A word and blow" for ever is his plan;  
And thus his friends explain the curious matter,  
He gives the first, and then receives the latter.

A NEW BALLAD,  
ENTITLED AND CALLED  
BILLY EDEN,  
OR, THE  
RENEGADO SCOUT.

*To the Tune of ALLY CROAKER.*

I.

THERE lived a man at BECKNAM, in KENT, Sir,  
Who wanted a place to make him content, Sir;  
Long had he sigh'd for BILLY PITT's protection,  
When thus he gently courted his affection :  
Will you give a place, my dearest BILLY PITT O!  
If I can't have a whole one, oh ! give a little bit O!

II.

He pimp'd with GEORGE ROSE, he lied with the  
DOCTOR,  
He flatter'd Mrs. HASTINGS 'till almost he had shock'd  
her ;  
He got the ARCHBISHOP to write in his favour,  
And when BILLY gets a beard, he swears he'll be his  
shaver.  
Then give him a place, oh ! dearest BILLY PITT O!  
If he can't have a whole one, oh ! give a little bit O!

III.

To all you young men, who are famous for changing,  
From party to party continually ranging,  
I tell you you the place of all places to breed in,  
For maggots of corruption's the heart of BILLY EDEN.  
Then give him a place, oh! dearest BILLY PITT O!  
If he can't have a whole one, oh! give a little bit O!

EPIGRAMS.



E P I G R A M S.

*On Sir ELIJAH IMPEY refusing to resign his Gown as*  
CHIEF JUSTICE OF BENGAL.

OF yore, ELIJAH, it is stated,  
By angels when to Heav'n translated,  
Before the saint aloft would ride,  
His prophet's robe he cast aside ;  
Thinking the load might sorely gravel  
His porters on so long a travel ;  
But our ELIJAH somewhat doubting,  
To him SAINT PETER may prove flouting,  
And wisely of his mantle thinking,  
That its fur'd weight may aid his sinking,  
Scornful defies his namesake's joke,  
And swears by G—d he'll keep his cloak.

A N O T H E R.

*By Mr. WILBERFORCE,*

*On reading Mr. ROSE's Pamphlet on the IRISH PRO-*  
POSITIONS.

Uncramp'd yourself by grammar's rules,  
You hate the jargon of the schools,

And

And think it most extremely silly ;  
 But reading your unfetter'd prose,  
 I with the too licentious ROSE  
 Was temper'd by the chaster LILLY\*.

\* A famous grammarian, well known for his excellent rules, and still more for the happy classical quotations he has furnished to Sir GEORGE HOWARD, and others of the more learned Ministerial speakers.

## P R O C L A M A T I O N.

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS, MAY COME.

WHEREAS it hath been made known to us, from divers good and respectable quarters, in several parts of the empire, that a practice of great and salutary consequences to the health, wealth, and good order of our subjects; to wit, that of TEA-DRINKING has of late years been very much discontinued: AND WHEREAS it is a true and admitted principle in all free governments, that the efficient Minister is the best and only judge of what suits the constitution, pleases the appetite, or is adapted to the wants of the subject. NOW IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, and strictly ordained, by and with the advice of the PRIVY COUNCIL, that all his Majesty's liege subjects, of all ranks, descriptions, or denominations whatever, be henceforward, and from the date hereof, required and enjoined, under the penalty of a *premunire*, to drink, swill, and make away with a certain quantity of the said nostrum and salutary decoction in the course of each

natural



natural day, in the order and proportion as directed and ascertained in the list or schedule herein after following, *viz.*

I. To every DUKE, MARQUIS, EARL, VISCOUNT, and BARON, within his Majesty's kingdom of GREAT BRITAIN, one pound per day.—If GREEN be too strong for their nerves, they may use SOUCHONG.—The method of making it, that is to say, strong, weak, and so on, is left to the noble personages themselves.

II. To every IRISH ditto, two pound per ditto.—This will be no inconvenience; as smuggled claret will not be in future to be had.

III. DUCHESSSES, DUCHESS DOWAGERS, COUNTESSSES, and BARONESSSES, one pound per ditto.—As this regulation is not intended to hurt his Majesty's Customs, a mixture of LIQUEURS will be permitted as usual.

VI. MAIDS OF HONOUR, CHAPLAINS, the MEMBERS of the CLUB AT WHITE'S, and other young gentlemen of that RANK and DESCRIPTION, (being pretty nearly the usual quantity) two pound per ditto.

V. To

V. To COUNTRY 'SQUIRES, FOX-HUNTERS, &c. as a most agreeable substitute for STINGO and OCTOBER, three pound per ditto.

VI. To DRAYMEN, CHAIRMEN, and BARGEMEN, instead of PORTER, two pound per ditto.

VII. To the Commonalty of this Realm, to drink with their victuals and otherwise, at one pound for each person per ditto.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that no excuse or plea whatever shall be deemed valid, for the non-compliance with the above regulations; AND that whoever shall pretend, that the said wholesome and benign decoction, either does not agree with him, or is more expensive than his finances or state of life will permit, shall be only considered as aggravating the offence of disobedience, by a contumacious doubt of the better knowledge of his superiors, and a ridiculous endeavour to seem to be better acquainted with his own constitution and circumstances, than the efficient Minister of the country.

GIVEN at our Palace in DOWNING-STREET,

this 24th Day of June, 1784.

Q

APO.

## ORIGINAL LETTER.

MANY doubts having arisen, principally among the gentlemen who belong to the same profession with the Master of the Rolls, whether that distinguished character has *really* sent a draft to the HIGH BAILIFF OF WESTMINSTER, for the expences of a late trial and verdict in the Common Pleas; and although the fact is not exactly as it has been represented, yet the following authentic letter will sufficiently evince the generous intentions of Sir LL—D, as soon as he becomes rich enough for him to answer so heavy a demand. At present, all who know the very circumscribed state of his income, compared with the liberality of his expenditure—who consider the extent of those different establishments, which he feels it necessary to keep up by way of preserving the dignity of his high office—his wardrobe and table for instance, will acknowledge the plea of poverty to be justly urged.



TO THOMAS CORBETT, Esq.

*Chancery-lane.*

*My dear and faithful friend, Tho. Corbett,*

“ I anticipate your application to me, for the expences of defending yourself against the action brought by that fellow Fox. If eternally damning the jury would pay the verdict, I would not scruple to assist you to the utmost of my abilities.—Though THURLOW is against us upon this point, and to swear with him, you know, would be just as vain a thing as to swear with the Devil; but, my friend, the long and the short of this matter is, that I am *wretched poor*—wretchedly so, I do assure you, in every sense and signification of the word. I have long borne the profitless incumbrance of nominal and ideal wealth. My income has been cruelly estimated at seven, or, as some will have it, eight thousand pounds per annum. The profession of which I am a Member, my dear THOMAS, has taught me to value facts infinitely more than either words or reasons. I shall save myself, therefore, the mortification of denying that I am rich, and refer you to the constant habits, and whole tenor of my

Q 2

life.

life. The proof to my friends is easy—Of the economy which I am obliged to observe in one very necessary article, my taylor's bill for these last fifteen years is a record of the most indisputable authority. There are malicious souls, who may object to this, as by no means the best evidence of the state of my wardrobe; they will direct you, perhaps, to Lord STORMONT's Valet de Chambre, and accompany the hint with an anecdote, that on the day when I kissed hands for my appointment to the office of Attorney General, I appeared in a laced waistcoat that once belonged to his master. The topic is invidious, and I disdain to enter into it—I *bought* the waistcoat, but despise the insinuation—nor is this the only instance in which I am obliged to diminish my wants, and apportion them to my very limited means. Lady K. will be my witness, that until my last appointment, I was an utter stranger to the luxury of a pocket handkerchief.

If you wish to know how I live, come and satisfy yourself—I shall dine at home this day three months, and if you are not engaged, and breakfast late, shall be heartily glad of your company; but, in truth, my butler's place is become an absolute sinecure—early habits of sobriety,

fobriety, and self-denial, my friend, have made me what I am—have deceived the approach of age, and enabled me to support the laborious duties, and hard vicissitudes of my station.

“ Besides, my dear BAILIFF, there are many persons to whom your application would be made with infinitely more propriety than to me. The nature of PEPPER ARDEN is mild, gentle, accommodating to the extreme, and I will venture to engage that he would by no means refuse a reasonable contribution. MACDONALD is, among those who know him, a very proverb for generosity; and will certainly stand by you, together with DUNDAS and the LORD ADVOCATE, if there be fidelity in Scotchmen, BEARCROFT too will open his purse to you with the same blind and improvident magnanimity with which he risked his opinion in your favour; besides, you are sure of PITT.—A real zeal for your welfare, a most disinterested friendship, and some consciousness that I have materially helped to involve you; and, believe me, not the sordid motive of shifting either the blame, or the expence upon the shoulders of others, have made me thus eagerly endeavour to put you in the way of consulting



consulting your best friends in this very critical emergency.

“ As to myself, you are possessed already of the circumstances which render any immediate assistance on my part wholly out of the question. Except half a dozen pair of black plush breeches, which I have but this instant received, I can offer you nothing. My superfluities extend no further. But better times may soon arrive, and I will not fail you then. The present Chief Justice of the King's Bench cannot long retain his situation; and as you are one whom I have selected from among many to be the friend of my bosom, I will now reveal to you a great secret in the last arrangement of judicial offices. Know then, that Sir ELIJAH IMPEY is the man fixed upon to preside in the chief seat of criminal and civil jurisprudence of this country. I am to succeed him in BENGAL; and then, my dear THOMAS, we may set the malice of juries at defiance. If they had given Fox as many diamonds by their verdict as they have pounds, rest assured that I am not a person likely to fail you, after I shall have been there a little while, either through want of faith, or want of means. Set your mind, therefore, at ease;

ease; as to the money—why, if PITT is determined to have nothing to do with it, and if nobody else will pay it, I think the most advisable thing, in your circumstances, will be to pay it yourself. Not that you are to be ultimately at the expence of a single shilling. The contents of this letter will fully prove that I mean to reimburse you what I am able. For the present, nobody knows better than yourself, not even Lady K——, how ill matters stand with me, and that I find it utterly impossible to obey the dictates of my feelings.

“ I am, my dear HIGH BAILIFF,

“ Your very affectionate friend,

“ And humble servant,

“ *Lincoln's-inn-fields,*

“ L. K.”

*June 20, 1786.”*

# A CONGRATULATORY ODE,

ADDRESSED TO THE

RIGHT HON. CHARLES JENKINSON,

On his being created LORD HAWKESBURY.

*Quem virum aut heros lyra vel acri,  
Tibia fumes celebrare, Clio?  
Quem Deum? Cujus recinet jocosa  
Nomen imago?*

HOR.

JENKY, for you I'll wake the lyre,  
Tho' not with Laureat WARTON's fire,  
Your hard-won meed to grace:  
Gay was your air, your visage blyth,  
Unless when Fox has made you writhe,  
With tortur'd MARSYAS' face.

No more you'll dread such pointed sneers,  
But safely skulk amidst your Peers,  
And slavish doctrines spread;  
As some ill-omen'd baneful yew  
That sheds around a poisonous dew,  
And shakes its rueful head.

Your frozen heart ne'er learn'd to glow  
At other's good, nor melt at woe;

YOU.



Your very roof is chilling.  
There Bounty never spreads her ray;  
You e'en shut out the light of day\*,  
To save a paltry shilling.

A Prince, by servile knaves address,  
Ne'er takes a DEMPSTER to his breast,  
JACK ROB'SON serves his ends;  
Unrivall'd stood the treach'rous name,  
Till envious EDAN urg'd his claim,  
While both betray their friends.

On whom devolves your back-stairs cloak,  
When, prophet-like, "you mount as smoke †?"  
Must little POWNEY catch it?  
But as 'tis rather worse for wear,  
Let mighty BUCKS take special care  
To brush it well and patch it.

While o'er his loyal breast so true,  
Great G—— expands the riband blue,

\* Mr. JENKINSON exhibited a laudable example of political economy, by shutting up several of his windows at his seat near Croydon, on the passing of the Commutation Act. His Majesty's *bon mot* on this occasion should not be forgot. "What! what! (said the Royal Jester) "do my subjects complain of?—JENKY tells me he does not pay as much to the Window Tax as he did before. Why then don't my people do like JENKY?"

† A beautiful oriental allusion, borrowed from Mr. HASTINGS's Ode,

"And care, like smoke, in turbid wreathes,  
"Round the gay ceiling flies."

R

There—

There—Honour's star will shine :  
 - As RAWDON was bold RICHMOND's Squire,  
 To install a Knight so full of fire  
 —Let ASTON, BUCKS, be thine.

JENKY, pursue Ambition's task,  
 The King will give whate'er you ask,  
 Nor heed the frowns of PITT;  
 Tho' proud, he'll truckle to disgrace,  
 By feudal meanness keep his place †,  
 And turn the royal spit.

With faintly HILL divide your glory §,  
 No true King's friend, on such a Tory,

† FINCHFIELD.—CO. ESSEX.—JOHN CAMPES held this manor  
 of King EDWARD III. by the service of *turning the spit* at his coronation.

*Camden's Britannia—article Essex.*

§ The King magnanimously refused to create either Sir RICHARD  
 HILL, or Mr. BANKS, Peers, that the singular honor bestowed *solely* by  
 his Majesty might be more conspicuous, and that Mr. PITT's humili-  
 ation might no longer be problematic. Sir RICHARD had composed a  
 beautiful sacred cantata on the occasion, dedicated to his brother, the  
 Rev. ROWLAND HILL. The first stanza alludes, by an apt quotation  
 from the 68th Psalm, to the elevation and dignities of the family:—

“ Why hop so high ye little HILLS ?”  
 With joy, the Lord's anointed fills ;  
 Let's pray with one accord !  
 In sleepless visions of the night,  
 NORTH's cheek I smote with all my might,  
 For which I'm made a Lord, &c. &c.

The

The peerage door will shut;  
Canting, he'll serve both Church and Throne,  
And make the Reverend Bench your own,  
By piety and smut.

BANKS at his side, demure and fly,  
Will aptly tell a specious lye,  
Then speed the royal summons:  
He's no raw novice in the trade,  
His honour's now a batter'd jade—  
PITT flung it to the Commons.

While THURLOW damns these cold delays,  
Mysterious diamonds vainly blaze,  
The impending vote to check;  
K. B. and Peer, let HASTINGS shine,  
IMPEY, with pride, will closely twine  
The collar round his neck.

Ennobling thus the mean and base,  
Our gracious S——'s art we trace,  
Assail'd by factions bold;  
So prest, great FREDERICK rose in fame,  
On *pots de chambre* stamp'd his name †,  
And pewter pass'd for gold.

Should restive SYDNEY keep the seal,  
JENKY, still shew *official* zeal,

† The King of PRUSSIA replenished his exhausted treasury in the war of 1756, by a coinage of pewter ducats.



Your friend, your master charm;  
 Revive an ANGLO-SAXON place §,  
 Let GEORGE's feet your bosom grace,<sup>1</sup>  
 Your love will keep them warm.

§ " Besides the twenty-four officers above described, there were eleven others of considerable value in the courts of the ancient Princes, the most remarkable of which was, that of the King's feet-bearer; this was a young gentleman, whose duty it was to sit on the floor, with his back towards the fire, and hold the King's feet in his bosom all the time he sat at table, to keep them warm and comfortable."

*Leges Wallice*, p. 58.—*Henry's History of Great Britain*, v. 2, p. 275.

O D E

To SIR ELIJAH IMPEY,

*Æli, vetusto nobilis a Lamo,  
Quando et priores hinc Lamia ferunt  
Denominatos, &c.*

ELI-JAH, noblest of the race  
Of † IMPS, from whom the IMPEYS trace,  
If common fame says true,  
Their origin ; and that they found  
Their claim on just and solid ground,  
Refer for *proof* to you——

You, who could post nine hundred miles,  
To fathom an old woman's wiles,  
Possess'd of *dangerous* treasure ;  
Could hurry with a pedlar's pack  
Of affidavits at your back,  
In quest of health and pleasure.

† MILTON makes honourable mention of the founder of the family ;  
“ Fit vessel, fittest *Imp* of Fraud.”

*Paradise Lost, b. IX.*

It may be observed, in proof of the descent, as well as to the credit of  
the present Representative, that he has not degenerated from the charac-  
teristic “ obliquity” of his Ancestor.

And all because the jealous Jove †  
Of Eastern climes thought fit to prove  
The *venom* of his reign;  
On which, to minds of light esteem,  
Some *few severities* might seem  
To leave a transient stain.

Soon ‡ on your head from yon dark sky,  
Or WOODFALL's *Hasty Sketches* lye,  
The gather'd storm will break!  
Deep will the vengeful thunder be,  
And from the sleep he owes to thee,  
Shall NUNDOMAR awake!

Then arm against the rude attack,  
Recall thy roving memory back,  
And all thy proofs collect?—  
Remember that you cannot gain  
A second hearing to *explain*,  
And § *therefore* be correct.

† Late Tyranny.

‡ Demissa tempestas ab Euro  
Sternet—Nisi fallit Augur  
Anosa Cornix.

§ See Declaration of Sir E—— I——, offered to the House by Mr.  
DEMETER.

SONG.



S O N G.

To the Tune of "LET THE SULTAN SALADIN," in

RICHARD COEUR DE LION.

I.

LET great GEORGE his porkers bilk,  
And give his maids the four skim-milk;  
With her stores let CERES crown him,  
'Till the gracious sweat run down him,  
Making butter night and day:  
Well! well!

Every King must have his way;  
But to my poor way of thinking,  
True joy is drinking.

II.

BILLY PITT delights to prose,  
'Till admiring Grocers dose;  
Ancient Virgins all adore him,  
Not a woman falls before him;  
Never kissing night nor day:  
Well! well!

Every child must have its way;  
But to my poor way of thinking,  
True joy is drinking.

You

III.

**You too, HASTINGS, know your trade !  
 No vile fears your heart invade,  
 When you rove for EASTERN plunder,  
 Making Monarchs truckle under,  
     Slitting windpipes night and day :  
     Well ! well !  
 Governors will have their way ;  
 But to my poor way of thinking,  
     True joy is drinking.**

A NEW SONG,  
ENTITLED,  
MASTER BILLY'S BUDGET;  
O R,  
A TOUCH ON THE TIMES.

*To the Tune of A COBLER THERE WAS, &c.*

YE boobies of Britain, who lately thought fit  
The care of the state to a child to commit,  
Pray how do you like your young Minister's budget?  
Should he take your last farthing, you never can grudge it.  
Derry down, &c.

A tax on your heads! there'd be justice in that;  
But he only proposes a tax on your hat;  
So let every ENGLISHMAN throw up his beaver,  
And holla, Prerogative BILLY for ever!  
Derry down, &c.

Not being much favour'd with female applauses,  
He takes his revenge on their ribands and gauzes;  
Then should not each female, Wife, Widow, or Miss,  
To Coventry send Master BILLY for this?  
Derry down, &c.

S

How



How oft has he told us his views were upright !  
That his actions would all bear the test of the light !  
Yet he sure in the dark must have something to do,  
Who shuts out both day-light and candle-light too.

Derry down, &c.

JOHN BULL's house is tax'd, so he plays him a trick,  
By cunningly laying a duty on brick ;  
Thus JOHN for his dwelling is forc'd to pay twice,  
But BILLY hopes JOHN will not smoke the device.

Derry down, &c.

What little we may have by industry made,  
We must pay for a licence to set up a trade ;  
So that ev'ry poor devil must now be tax'd more  
For dealing in goods that paid taxes before.

Derry down, &c.

The Callico-printers may beg if they please,  
As dry as a sponge he their cotton will squeeze ;  
With their tears let them print their own linens, cries he,  
But they never shall make an impression on me.

Derry down, &c.

The crazy old hackney-coach, almost broke down,  
Must now pay ten shillings instead of a crown ;  
And to break him down quite, if the first will not do't,  
Ten shillings a piece on his horses to boot.

Derry down, &c.

The tax upon horses may not be severe,  
But his scheme for collecting it seems very queer ;  
Did a school-boy e'er dream of a project so idle ?  
A tax on a horse by a stamp on a bridle !

Derry down, &c.

The

The tax upon sportsmen I hold to be right,  
And only lament that the tax is so light;  
But alas! it is light for this palpable cause,  
That sportsmen themselves are the makers of laws!

Derry down, &c.

He fain would have meddled with coals, but I wot  
For his fingers the Gentleman found them too hot;  
The rich did not like it, and so to be sure,  
In its place he must find out a tax on the poor.

Derry down, &c.

Then last, that our murmurs may teaze him the less,  
By a tax upon paper he'd silence the press;  
So our sorrow by finging can ne'er be relax'd,  
Since a song upon taxes itself must be tax'd.

Derry down, &c.

But now it is time I should finish my song,  
And I wish from my soul that it was not so long,  
Since at length it evinces in trusting to PITT,  
Good neighbours, we all have been cursedly bit.

Derry down, &c.

E P I G R A M.

WHILE BURKE, in strains pathetic, paints  
The sufferings dire of GENTOO saints,  
From HOLY CITY \* driven;  
Cries HASTINGS, I admit their worth,  
I thought them far too good for earth,  
So pack'd them off to Heaven.

A N O T H E R.

MAJOR SCOTT's *Defence of the ROHILLA MASSACRE.*

So poor ROHILLAS overthrown,  
That HASTINGS has no mercy shown;  
In vain, cries SCOTT, to prove you strive;  
By G—d he never murder'd one,  
For half are still alive.

\* BENARES, the MECCA of HINDOSTAN;



## MINISTERIAL UNDOUBTED FACTS.

*"And whoever believeth not all this shall be damned."*

ST. ATHANASIUS.

THE Members of Opposition are all equally poor—YET *the poor ones are wholly maintained by the rich.*

Notwithstanding the above is their only support—YET *their only means of living arises at the gaming table.*

Though these poor dogs win so much money at BROOKES'S—YET *the Members of BROOKES'S are all equally indigent.*

OPPOSITION cannot raise a shilling—YET *they maintain an army of scribblers, merely to injure an immaculate Minister, whom it is not in their power to hurt.*

They are too contemptible and infamous to obtain a moment's attention from any gentleman or man of sense, and the people at large hold them in general detestation—YET *the gentlemen and men of sense, who conduct the Ministerial papers, are daily employed to attack these infamous wretches, and in endeavouring to convince people who are already all of one mind.*

Their

Their characters are so notorious that no person can be found to give them credit for a shilling—YET *they are constantly running in debt with their tradesmen.*

They are obliged to sponge for a dinner, or else must go without—YET *they indulge themselves in every species of debauchery and dissipation.*

Their prose is as devoid of argument as their verse is of wit—YET *whole troops of ministerial writers are daily employed in answering the one, and criticising the other.*

Their speeches are laughed at and despised by the whole nation—YET *these laughable and despicable speeches were so artfully framed, as alone to raise a clamour that destroyed the wisest of all possible plans, THE IRISH PROPOSITIONS.*

They have traiterously raised a flame in IRELAND—YET *the IRISH are too enlightened to attend to the barkings of a degraded faction.*

Their ROLLIADS and ODES are stark nonsense—YET *the sale has been so extensive as to have new clothed the whole BLUE AND BUFF GANG.*

They are possessed of palaces purchased out of the public plunder—YET *they have not a hole to hide their heads in.*

The

The infernal arts of this accursed faction, and not his measures, have rendered Mr. PITT unpopular—YET *is Mr. PITT much more popular than ever.*

In short, OPPOSITION are the most unpopular, *popular*; poor, *rich*; artless, *artful*; incapable, *capable*; senseless, *sensible*; neglectful, *industrious*; witless, *witty*; starving, *pampered*; lazy, *indefatigable*; extravagant, *pennurious*; bold, *timid*; hypocritical, *unguarded*; set of designing, *blundering*; low-minded, *high-minded*; dishonest, *honest* knaves as were ever honoured with the notice of the MINISTERIAL NEWSPAPERS.

END OF THE FIRST PART.



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